

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE STRANGE BOY OF 100 YEARS AGO

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### DONALD GLASS OF TRISTAN

#### THE LONELY ISLANDER IN THE GREAT CITY

Tragedy of the Simple Folk  
Who Come To See the World

#### KILLED BY CIVILISATION

FROM Tristan da Cunha's lonely isle in the South Atlantic Donald Glass came a year ago to the land those islanders call home.

It was a second home to him, and meant to be a kindly one to this young fellow who was a direct descendant of the William Glass who founded the settlement there more than a century ago when Napoleon was a prisoner at St Helena and a garrison had been stationed on this more southerly island.

##### Contented Islanders

William Glass elected to stay there, and a few stayed with him. Lonely the island might be, but it was happy in the world forgetting, and being by the world forgot. It prospered in its modest way. God gave it health and increase, and today Tristan da Cunha has a population of 183, who devoutly believe that its future is improving. A recent letter from one of the islanders, Mrs Repetto, who says she has twenty grandchildren and one great-granddaughter, says they have plenty of food and are all working together. She mentions the old gun that used to guard Napoleon, and it is evident that these people live happily in their past and are happy about their future on this lonely island in the South Atlantic.

So content are they that none of Tristan da Cunha's happy family ever think of leaving their seagirt isle, hearing without envy or dismay of what happens in the restless world outside, and unmoved by any thought of seeking it.

##### The England of His Dreams

Until last year, when Donald Glass thought he would like to see the England of his dreams, he was the only islander who had ever come back to the land of his forefathers. He came, and was happy and delighted with everything he saw and heard, though not a little bewildered by it all. He found friends, for though his island is so remote it has a Penguin Patrol troop and he was one of the Scouts, so when he arrived in London, so nervous that he could hardly speak, Deptford Rover Scouts took him to their arms and made him feel at home.

For a time he was so delighted with everything that he declared he never wanted to go back. His new-made friends and his employers were alike in hoping that he never would. It seemed that the Motherland had adopted him as her own.

But while he was yet rejoicing in his healthy wellbeing the blow fell. He came from a place where diseases are unknown and his physique seemed

perfect; but because he had never met the disease germs of crowded communities he had not the power of resisting them. He fell ill, and he never got better. He passed away for ever from the land he had chosen, after living less than a year in it.

Not for the first time has this fate overtaken those who have come happily to our shores, confident in their welcome, unaware of any lurking danger to those who are not native to them.

Not so far from Deptford is Gravesend, where the Red Indian Princess Pocahontas rests. She came with her English husband John Rolfe, one of Raleigh's early settlers in Virginia.

##### A Welcome Visitor

She was a great lady in her own land, darling child of Powhatan, the Red Indian chief. England welcomed her, the Court of James the First made much of her, but she fell ill of consumption, and was seized with a longing for her Virginian home. It was too late. On the eve of her sailing from Gravesend she passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

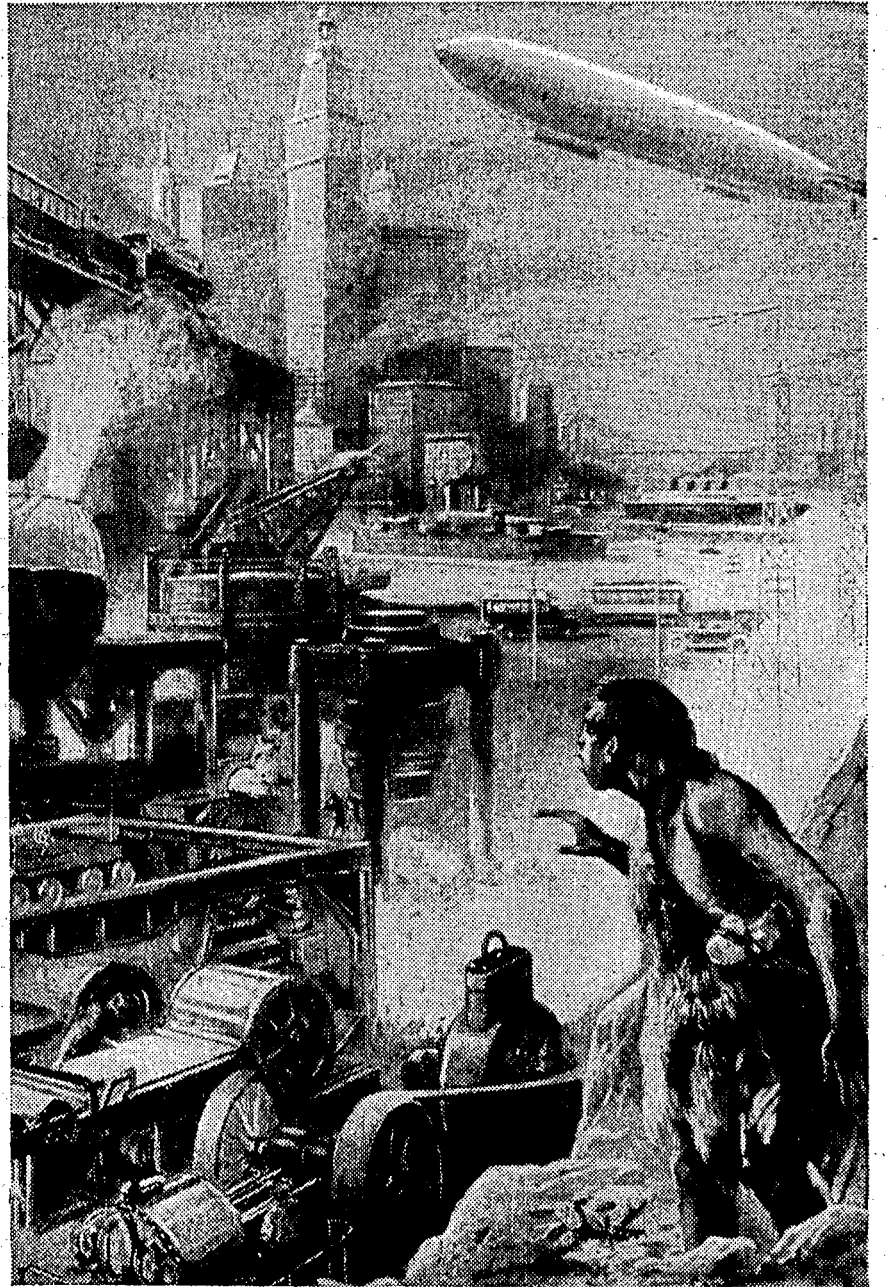
Two centuries pass and the story is repeated; again it is Thames-side that bears witness to it. On a stone not far from the river, in Rotherhithe, is the name of Lee Boo, a little black prince from the Pacific. One August night in 1783 the British frigate Antelope was wrecked off Coo-roo-ra, one of the Pelew Islands. Captain Wilson and most of his crew managed to swim ashore to safety, and the islanders proved friendly and hospitable. Captain Wilson in return offered to bring the local king's son Lee Boo to England.

##### Lee Boo's Ride To London

That was how little Lee Boo came to Portsmouth, and was, much to his astonishment, carried to London in a wooden box dragged by horses. He was soon to learn more about coaches, for in London everybody wanted to see him, and the East India Company offered to educate the little Prince. He might in his island home prove a valuable friendly ruler.

Alas for such visions! Prince Lee Boo went to the Rotherhithe Academy. People pointed to him as he walked the streets. But in the midst of his happy life he was seized with smallpox. He could not recover, but when he was so ill that he knew he would never see his island home again his one thought was about old Mrs Wilson, who had been a mother to him, and who was ill at the same time. He died, and Rother-

### The Man Whom Civilisation Killed



A scout who came to London from Tristan da Cunha has perished from disease he was unable to resist. Years ago there rushed out of an inaccessible creek in California a wild man of a race still in the Stone Age, who, though taken care of, also perished of disease he could not resist. Here we see this Stone Age man startled by the wonder of the Scientific Age.

hithe had never witnessed a more stately funeral.

Again the years move on, and the scene shifts from England to California to form the background for the pathetic tale of Ishi.

Ishi was one of the Yana Indians who lived in the remote north-east of California, and who for sixty years had fought a losing fight with the white civilisation which strove to uproot them.

The branch of the Yana people known as the Yahis were the most persistent of all. When all the rest of this Indian people seemed to have been extirpated, the Yahis, a remnant of the Stone Age men who were their ancestors, clung to inaccessible gorges.

Rumours of their existence came to hand from time to time, and in 1911 one of them Ishi, came out into the light

of day, driven from his hiding-place by a forest fire.

He was picked up, given food and clothing, and for a time this man who had burst out of the Stone Age was confined as if he had been a madman. But the scientific men of California University were kinder and more far-seeing. They saw in him a link with lost tribes, lost customs, lost tongues. He was a museum piece. He actually became a museum helper, and he was indeed of great help to his new friends in working out their problems of dialects.

He was, they all said, happy in his last years. But these years were few, and Ishi passed away.

Civilisation, it would seem, is too much for the simple folk of faraway and lonely places. It gives us something to think about.



## THE RIVAL IDEAS IN EUROPE

### They Cannot Win TIME MOVES ONLY IN ONE DIRECTION

By General Smuts

General Smuts has become Chancellor of the University of Capetown, and we take the following from his inaugural address.

The Christian doctrine of human brotherhood won through, and during the 19th century the principles of liberal toleration in its application to the liberty of the subject, of the Press, of religion, became the dominant and accepted view in Western civilisation.

I use the past tense because, alas, it is so no longer. The Great War and its aftermath of economic nationalism, and the rise of the vast ideological systems to dominance in Europe in our day, have shaken that liberal world to its foundations, and the purely human viewpoint expressed in the principle of toleration has been widely challenged.

#### A Passing Phase

Racial, religious, and political persecution are again appearing in many European countries. Intolerance is once more looked upon, not as a return to barbarism, but as a sign of strength and patriotism and national discipline. The gentler virtues and the human standpoint of the Founder of the Christian religion are derided as signs of weakness, of an inferiority complex, and of decay.

Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the rival Fascist and Communist systems now contending for mastery in Europe, I would ask you to believe that their hostility to the principles of racial, religious, and political toleration must surely be a passing phase, a symptom of the confusion and unrest of the times.

The human spirit, having once broken its primeval shackles and emerged from its bondage, will never again submit to them for good. Evolution never reverts back to discarded forms or organs. And the light that has dawned on our human horizon can never permanently set again.

#### The Essence of Our Civilisation

To believe the contrary would be to despair of human nature and to blaspheme our Maker. There may be a temporary eclipse, but never again can there be a return for good to the dark age for the human spirit. Time has one direction and never moves back.

And so in that faith as to the ultimate outcome I would ask you to remain true to our higher human ideals, to practise a wise tolerance amid the clashes of today, and cultivate that spirit of forbearance and understanding, that openness to the light whencesoever it may come which is an expression of our best humanity.

Tolerance is indeed the very essence of our civilisation. I commend to you this reverence for fact, this reverence for humanity and practice of toleration as among the most precious gifts which you can carry into your life as a possession for ever.

#### THE UNKNOWN GIVERS

From someone unknown, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool has just received £2000 in notes for King George the Fifth Memorial Fund.

Also from someone unknown St George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner has received £5000 for equipping a new department.

#### LITTLE LAMB, WHO SAVED THEE?

A boy of seven at Lydney in Gloucestershire has been described as having the heart of a lion.

He made his way down a 25-foot hole in a field and rescued a lamb.

## INDIA UNDER HOME RULE

### Congress Party's Refusal GETTING THE NEW MACHINERY TO WORK

That part of the India Act giving new Constitutions to the eleven Provinces of British India came into operation this month.

The change was made more difficult for the Governors of six of the Provinces by the refusal of the Congress Party, which had a majority in their Parliaments, to take office. They declined because the Governors would not declare that they would not use their powers under any circumstances. It was an impossible demand. Had any Governor made such a promise he would have broken the law, which binds him equally with everyone else in the country.

#### A Magnificent Opportunity

In four of the six Provinces held by the Congress Party the Governors had been able to find Ministries from minority parties by April 1, and it will be possible for a few months to carry on the governments without the assembly of the Legislatures. The new Ministries thus have a great opportunity for influencing the people by bringing forward proposals which will be as much for the public benefit as the measures foreshadowed in the Congress Party's own manifestoes.

It must not be forgotten that most of the new Ministers are Indians of much experience in administration, and as keen on raising their country to a higher status as are the members of the Congress Party. Under the new Constitution they have a magnificent opportunity given to them, and on second thoughts it is probable that the more moderate members of the Congress Party will realise how harmful it will be if they stand aside and let others carry on the good work which they should be doing themselves.

## SUGAR

### 22 Countries Discussing Its Future

Distinguished representatives of 22 countries have been meeting in London this week to discuss the world's sugar problem.

Bounties and other methods of State help have brought about much confusion in the production and sale of this important commodity.

It is possible to grow more sugar than the peoples of the world can afford to buy, with the result that countries mainly dependent on sugar for their prosperity, like the West Indies and Queensland, are finding it does not pay to grow sugar.

On the other hand, the price of sugar in this country is nearly as much as one-third more than before the war, while indirectly through taxes we are contributing toward the production of sugar here.

Four years ago the countries concerned looked at the problem and declined to face it. It is to be hoped that the present conference will at least check a situation which all agree is ridiculous.

### DR BARNARDO'S WORK HAS DOUBLED

When Dr Barnardo died 60,000 children had passed through his Ever Open Door.

His lifework has now been exactly doubled, and the 120,000th homeless child has just passed through this doorway that leads out of a world of sorrow into a house of hope.

Three strikes in the motor industry of America, directly affecting 100,000 workers, have been settled.

## JOHN DRINKWATER

### How Fame Came To a Poet

St Martin-in-the-Fields, our great world-parish, has seen many notable gatherings, but few more striking than the assemblage of famous people last week at the memorial service to John Drinkwater.

Grown-ups and children alike have lost a friend by the passing, all too soon, of this fine poet and dramatist. He loved his fellows, old and young, and his affection for them was one of his chief characteristics.

With children he was himself the perfect child, always young; and he wrote of little people with fun and sympathy and wide charity. The same simple honesty and candour distinguished his writings, especially in his plays, for grown-ups. And yet it needed the presence of the man himself to bring triumph to his first great effort as a playwright.

#### The Author as Lincoln

Fifty-five years old, he came of Cotswold yeoman stock, but adversity called him from school while still a boy and consigned him for 12 years to work in an office. In his leisure he wrote, acted in amateur theatricals, stage-managed plays, and grew to manhood with the little repertory company which became famous for its succession of plays in Birmingham and London which became outstanding successes.

John Drinkwater, who had started life in Nottingham, was already known as a poet and man of the theatre when, in 1918, his own play, Abraham Lincoln, was produced in London. It was not well received at first, but, the illness of the principal actor threatening a suspension of the run, the author himself temporarily took the part of Lincoln.

Curiosity to see a poet in his own play attracted crowded houses, and so it was that London found that it had neglected a masterpiece. All England acclaimed the play; America accorded it a prolonged triumph.

#### An Inspiring Life Ends

Other plays followed, and their author became a national figure, active in a score of beneficent works. His last proud task was to write an article for an official Coronation publication, and he had just ended with the words "Happy and Glorious" when, at the end of one of the happiest of all his days, he went to bed and fell peacefully into the sleep from which there was no awaking here.

So ended a fruitful, unselfish, inspiring life. Everybody loved John Drinkwater and will cherish his plays, his poems, and his prose; and remember with gratitude the pleasure which millions have derived by the broadcast recitals of his brilliant wife, Daisy Kennedy, the famous violinist.

We give these two small poems by John Drinkwater to show how merily he could write for children. They are from his book of poems "All About Me," published by Collins.

#### John Pride

No one liked John Pride  
Until he died,  
When everybody said,  
Poor John's dead.  
But he heard  
Never a word.

And when he'd gone,  
They found that John  
Had often done  
Good for fun;  
Which nobody shows  
That nobody knows.

#### Mr Smith and Mr Brown

Mr Smith had quite a lot of daughters,  
Who went to Bath each year, to take the waters.

Mr Brown had quite a lot of sons,  
Who went to Bath each year, to take the buns.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Dean of Rochester, Dr Underhill, has been appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells in succession to Bishop Wilson, who is resigning in November.

Turkey has laid the foundation-stone of a great iron and steel works which are intended to convert a barren waste into a vast industrial centre; it is costing £3,000,000.

The Government claims to be making great headway against the rebels in Spain.

Paris will be strangely transformed this week-end. Banks, insurance offices, and all retail businesses except food shops will be closed under the 40-hour working week Act.

Each of the 8000 workers at Rowntree's York Works will receive nearly a week and a half's wages under the Company's Profit Sharing Scheme. More than £20,000 will be distributed.

## WHAT PART OF THE WORLD BELIEVES

### The Face on the Moon

One half of the world does not realise what the other half believes. We give this little letter from The Times, to which it was sent by the Trade Commissioner for Ceylon, Mr P. E. Pieris.

The East undoubtedly thinks very differently from the West. Mr Philip Hogg has explained that, because a lady of Hallaton was saved from the unwelcome attentions of a bullock through the gallantry of a hare, she destined the descendants of her saviour to fill an Easter pie in perpetuity. The East has another story: A hare threw itself into a fire, in order to afford a meal to a hungry Brahmin, and in return the Brahmin, who was the disguised King of Heaven, painted the likeness of the hare on the surface of the moon, where every Oriental still sees it on full-moon nights.

## CORONATION EVENING

There will be a unique broadcast on the evening of Coronation day.

At 7.20 the Viceroy of India will speak from India and the Prime Ministers of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa from London.

The programme will last 40 minutes and will end with Mr Baldwin, followed by the King, speaking from Buckingham Palace. It will probably be Mr Baldwin's last broadcast as Prime Minister, for it is expected that he will lay down his office soon after the Coronation.

## THINGS SEEN

A robin's nest in a gas-mask at Wrotham in Kent.

Trippers throwing litter on the steps of York Minster.

A liner stopping at Portland to land a chimpanzee suffering from sea-sickness.

Ten men hauling in a royal sturgeon at Lowestoft, 12 feet long and weighing 48 stones.

## THINGS SAID

A soldier may be a good Christian and a good Baptist. Report of the Baptist Union

If defenceless, the British Commonwealth of Nations would become the prey of stronger peoples.

Baptist Union Report

It is our task as Christians to see whether the Christian spirit can restore sanity to the world.

Lord Astor

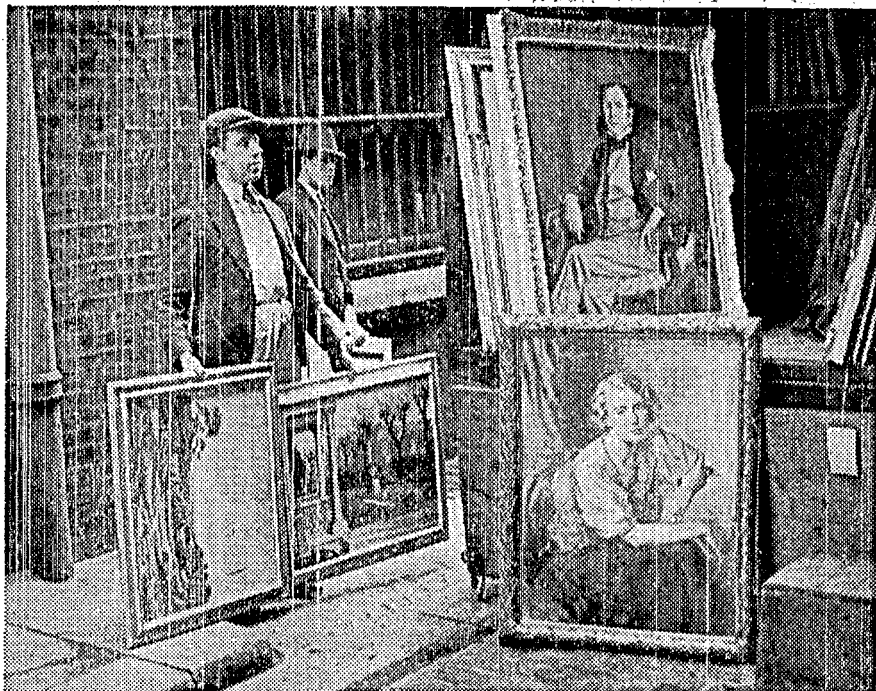
The population of this country is not drinking enough milk.

Government Committee on Nutrition

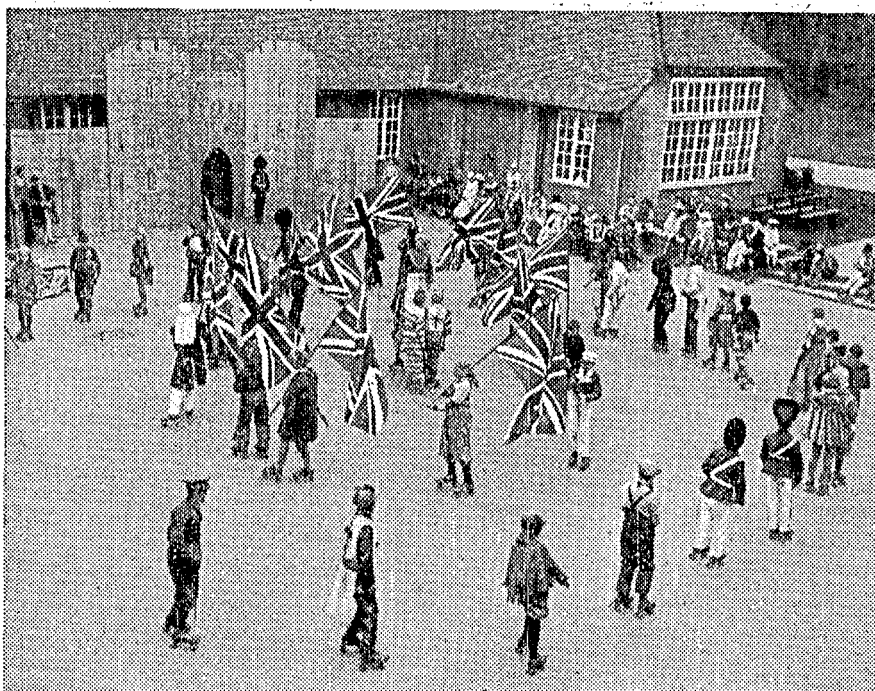
Amid the evils of the world today the sovereign remedy is loyalty to the gospel of the sacredness of facts. General Smuts



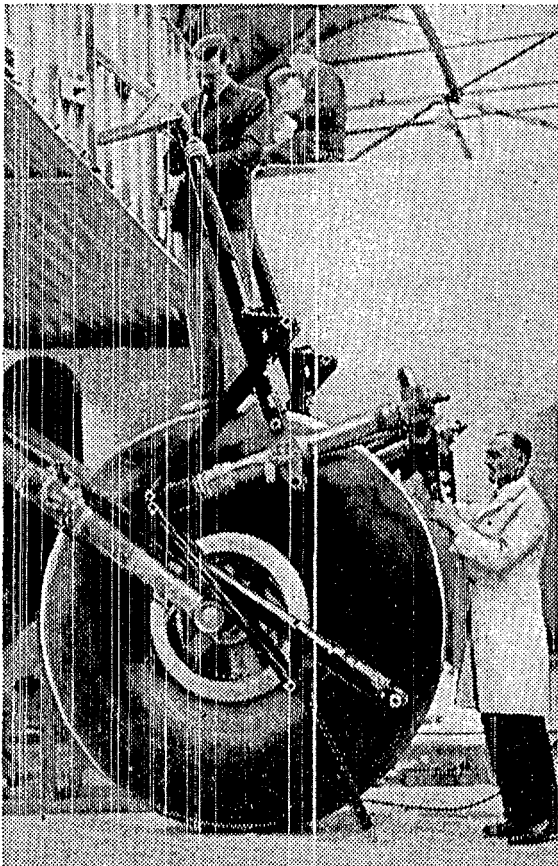
# Flying Giant • King Cricket is Coming • Nesting Swan



Receiving Day—Unloading pictures sent in for this year's Royal Academy Exhibition



Pageant on Skates—A skating tournament in the playground of Mill Hill Junior School



Flying Giant—A great landing-wheel of one of the new Ensign air-liners being built at Hamble for Empire Airways



Breeches Buoy—Members of the Robin Hood's Bay Rocket Brigade practising rescues with the breeches buoy at Whitby



Nesting Swan—This swan has been sitting on her nest on the canal at North Road, Cardiff, quite headless of passing traffic



King Cricket—A picture from a cricket-bat works at Finchley which reminds us that cricketing days will soon be here



Playing at Shops—Children of Queen's College in Harley Street, London, learn the value of a milk diet while playing with this make-believe dairy



## A NEW DAY FOR BURMA SEPARATED FROM INDIA King's Welcome Into an Independent Life

### HAPPY LAND OF GREAT RESOURCES

Burma no longer forms part of our Indian Empire; she is now a separate Province with her own Legislature, her own Governor, her own Civil Service and Police, and her own Secretary of State in Parliament at Westminster, where Lord Zetland will in future be known as Secretary of State for India and Burma.

On the day appointed by the India Act her 85-year-old link with the Central Indian Government was dissolved, and Burma stood on her own feet, receiving a special message of greeting from King George. In this message the King referred to the great advance in material prosperity and political experience which Burma has enjoyed since she became British, and expressed his belief that in her new Constitution she would find the road to ever-increasing happiness and prosperity.

#### The World's Merriest Children

On the same day it was announced that the new Governor, Sir Archibald Cochrane, was to be a Knight of St Michael and St George, the Order set apart for distinguished servants of the Crown in our Dominions and Colonies.

This newly-constituted country in the British Empire has an area of 261,610 square miles with a population of about 15 millions. Burma's neighbours, besides India, are Tibet, China, French Indo-China, and Siam, countries which account for the dominant race and language of Burma. The Burmese are a brown people with black lank hair. In disposition they are lively and gay, though somewhat lazy. It is said that their much-petted children are the merriest in the world, and perhaps this is why education in this land has progressed more rapidly than in India itself. Almost every village has a Buddhist monastery where the children are taught to read and write, while the higher stages of education are provided for over 50,000 pupils. Rangoon has a university.

#### Magnificent Temples

Rangoon, in the delta of the River Irawaddy, is the capital, and Mandalay, close to the same river but 410 miles due north of Rangoon, is next in importance. Both these cities are famous for their temples, the gilded Shwe Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon rising to a height of 370 feet, and the Kuthodaw at Mandalay, which stands in a square whose thousand acres are filled with hundreds of pagodas, each enshrining a stone engraved with a passage from the Buddhist scriptures.

The Irawaddy is navigable for 900 miles, and with its tributaries carries most of the produce of this rich land. Teak and oil are important exports, but the silver mines in the North Shan States and the tin mines in the south are valuable. There are rubber and cotton plantations for export, while rice forms the basic food of the natives.

There is something enchanting about this happy land, and all of us (especially those who remember the pealing bells and other delights in the Burmese Pavilion at Wembley Exhibition) will echo the greetings of the King to this new Province of the Empire.

#### THE STALWART

At Spalding lives a basketmaker who owns a willow plantation. He cycles six miles each day to it, cutting his willows and carrying them home. He works every day from 7.30 in the morning to 9 at night. We only mention it because he is 83.

## HOW AND WHY OF THE ROAD TRAGEDY

### Looking Into 100,000 Cases

Mr Hore-Belisha has published his first analysis of road accidents which result in injury as well as death.

Dealing with more than 100,000 accidents which happened during April to September last year, the report is impartial in blaming motorist, pedestrian, and cyclist.

Roughly speaking, the motorist is responsible for a third of the accidents. It comes as a surprise that more pedal cycles than cars were involved, though their riders are only held responsible for 26 per cent of the total number of accidents on our roads. The pedestrian responsibility is 28 per cent.

Over three times as many accidents happened in built-up areas as in the areas where there is no speed limit, but only 2 per cent proved fatal and 21 per cent serious in the built-up areas as against 4 per cent fatal and 34 per cent serious outside them.

#### Danger at Road Junctions

The most telling indictment of the motorist (and the cyclist too) lies in the very big proportion of accidents occurring at road junctions. These were nearly half of all the cases. The remedy for this state of affairs obviously lies almost entirely in the hands of the drivers of vehicles. There is no excuse for cross-road accidents.

Another sad record is that in nearly 8000 of the cases in which a pedestrian was held responsible the accident was caused by a child under seven. Nearly a thousand dogs not under proper control also caused accidents.

The report shows that there are very few tragedies on our roads which cannot be avoided, and confirms the C.N. argument that there are no accidents, only crimes of carelessness. More awareness and consideration by motorist, cyclist, and pedestrian are essential both in built-up and unrestricted areas. We very much fear that alcohol has a much bigger share in the case than is generally thought possible.

## MR GLADSTONE AT CHARING CROSS

Though he looks so serious in his portraits, we are sure Mr Gladstone would smile if he saw to what use his portrait is being put by a department of State of which he was president nearly 100 years ago.

The portrait appears beside one of those comic teapots, Mr T. Pott, in the little Underground Gallery at Charing Cross, where the virtues of tea grown in India and Ceylon are being advertised with vigour and much humour.

Under Mr Gladstone's portrait are these lines written by him in praise of tea, and we welcome this opportunity to broadcast them:

*If you are cold, tea will warm you.  
If you are too heated, tea will cool you.  
If you are depressed, tea will cheer you.  
If you are excited, tea will calm you.*

Many another familiar and unfamiliar homely maxim in praise of tea is inscribed on the big scroll which forms the main feature of the exhibition, where it encloses a little screen on which cinema pictures are displayed. All the animals of India's jungle come to life on this screen, mixed up in a riot of noise and excitement with Mr T. Pott and his attendant cups. It is all great fun.

There are coloured photographs of tea plantations, a vivid model of one with its terraces and red-roofed buildings and samples of the produce, and over all reigns Mr T. Pott, sharing the honours with Mr Gladstone until April 15, when the exhibition closes.

## MR RUDE'S GOOD TURN The Poor Man in a New Suit

No C.N. reader is too old or too young not to like a true story with a happy ending, so we set down here the story of Mr Rude's faith in human nature and what it did toward setting a discharged prisoner on his feet.

Some 18 months ago there walked into Mr Rude's Clothing Emporium in Dallas, Texas, a poor-looking specimen of humanity obviously in need of a new suit of clothes. His need of new clothes was greater than that of most shabby fellows, for he was just out of prison. Unless he looked smart enough to get a job before people began asking questions he would never get one at all. He made a clean breast of his situation to Mr Rude, and frankly asked him to trust him for an entire outfit. Mr Rude did so, most politely, but not without a few secret misgivings as to whether he would ever hear from his customer again. There were many men unemployed; even the best-looking ex-convict stood no better chance of finding work than thousands of others.

A year passed, thirteen months, fourteen. Mr Rude was tempted to write that account off his books as sheer loss.

## 1000 YEARS OF KINGS

Remarkable portrait  
gallery in the C.N.  
Coronation Extra

See page 7

Then, suddenly on a Thursday morning, he opened an envelope in an unknown hand, and out fell a cheque for 500 dollars. This was to pay for the suit and establish a fund to supply clothes to other down-and-outs who needed them. The ex-convict had done very well in his new suit, and had not forgotten what he owed to its smartness and to the stranger who had dared to show faith in him.

## A PIECE OF CRUELTY THAT SHOULD CEASE

We gladly print this letter from Miss Nancy Price, of the People's National Theatre.

DEAR EDITOR, A great army of women will join with me in deploring the verdict of the Select Committee on Agriculture (Damage by Rabbits).

Early this month, at an important official meeting of about 600 Conservative women, a resolution calling for the abolition of the gin-trap was passed unanimously and with great enthusiasm.

Not long ago, at the Annual Meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, a similar resolution was passed almost unanimously by nearly 7000 country women.

Whatever the attitude of the House of Lords may be to the campaign against the gin-trap, there is no doubt that women voters feel very strongly that the barbarous cruelty inflicted by this savage instrument of torture must cease.

NANCY PRICE

## TWO SHARKS ON ONE HOOK

Fishing off the coast of New South Wales, an angler recently hooked a school shark about six feet long, and was hauling it in when a giant among sharks, a tiger measuring over 15 feet, swallowed the smaller fish, was caught on the hook, and was secured after a great fight.

## LOUIS IN SEARCH OF HIS GRANDMOTHER A War Refugee of 1914

When Louis Govaerts was a Belgian schoolboy the Germans crashed into his country, and his grandmother brought him to England for safety.

They found it in a village near Bristol, and young Louis was sent again to school. But an English school was too dull for him in those perilous days, and his grandmother was a rather stern old lady. So Louis ran away from school, and, as he was a big boy for his age, he found work in a munition factory. He sent no word to his grandmother, but when at last he thought it time to come back she was gone.

No one could tell him where. It was said she had left England. He could find no trace of her; and there was not a letter, or a word, to say where his parents could be found.

At last he gave up trying, and when the war was over came to London, and there found work, and afterwards started a business which was comfortably successful. But he never could get in touch with his lost grandmother or any member of his family, probably because he did not know the best way to set about it.

He found the best way by accident. He had married an English wife, and, having given up any expectation of finding his people again, decided to apply for naturalisation papers and become a British subject.

When he did so he was astonished to find that the naturalisation authorities had a number of letters addressed to him. They had been written by members of his family as anxious to reach him as he had been to find them.

Contact was made, and off M Govaerts went to Belgium to show his English wife and his nine-year-old English son Belgium and the Belgians, the old home and the family.

## RUSSIA ABANDONING SOCIALISM

It is strange how quickly the Russian Socialist State is abandoning Socialism.

Wage differences, salary differences, become wider and wider. In the latest phases the movement for speeding-up output has accentuated differences of class. They call a speed-worker a Stakhanovist, meaning that he is a hustler, and here are some of the differences that come about.

In the mines, a non-Stakhanovist miner gets from 400 to 500 roubles a month, a Stakhanovist more than 1600. The auxiliary worker who drives a train underground gets only 170 roubles if he is not a Stakhanovist and 400 roubles if he is. And 170 roubles by no means represents the lowest wage, but the average, according to Soviet statistics.

There are workers who earn no more than 120 or even 100 roubles a month. The wages of the privileged members of the working-class are 20 times higher, sometimes more, than the wages of the poorly-paid workers.

## TWENTY YEARS AFTER

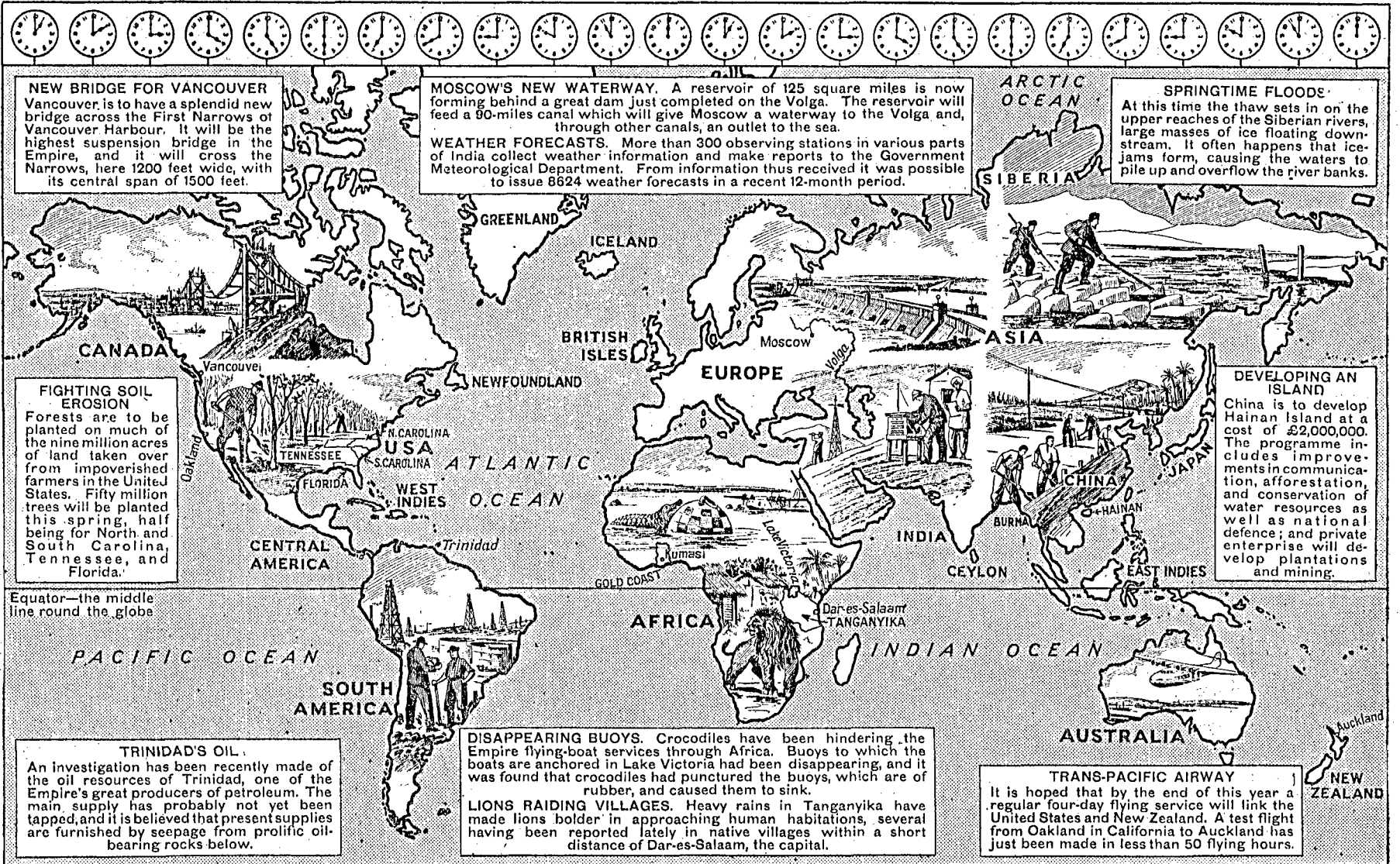
One October day in 1917 Captain J. F. Tonkin, a young New Zealand officer, was wounded.

Before being carried to the rear he insisted on writing a despatch, completing it with great difficulty. The despatch was given to a runner, who set off for the battalion headquarters but never reached them, for he was wounded on the way.

After 20 years the runner and the captain met in a street in Christchurch in New Zealand, the runner taking out a pocket book and handing his former officer a slip of paper. It was the despatch which had been written in 1917.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## WILD CAT LEGENDS

### Two New Inmates at the Zoo

Two magnificent Scottish wild cats have become inmates of the new zoo at Whipsnade.

They could not be housed in London, for there, try as they may, the authorities cannot keep out stray domestic cats, which enter the grounds by night and, in time of epidemic, carry infection and death to members of the cat tribe. Wild cats seem particularly susceptible to this malady, so to Whipsnade, and not to Regent's Park, go the two newcomers.

That being the case, the usual stories have been running through the grown-up papers telling of the intractable ferocity of these animals, which, it is said, cannot under any circumstances be tamed.

The truth is that there are few things on four feet that kindness, patience, and understanding will not tame. Lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, apes, elephants, and other unlikely animals can be made gentle and docile. Very stupid animals may prove more difficult; hippos and rhinos are kittle-cattle to shoe, as the Zoo saying is; but the keepers there know exactly how to manage them.

The one animal declared to be quite beyond hope of redemption from its evil passions was said to be the Tasmanian Devil, as vicious a creature as lives. But a New Zealand lady took a number of these angry savages in hand, and made them as tame and friendly as domestic kittens. In response to persistent kindness the "untamable" grew as amiable and trustworthy as the gentlest of domesticated animals.

### A BAD START

An office boy has made a bad start in Liverpool. Having 200 letters to stamp on his first day at work, he used two-pence-halfpenny instead of three-halfpenny ones, a mistake which cost the firm more than his week's wages.

## STEEL WAITING ON IRON

### Men Thrown Idle

Four hundred men have been thrown idle at Motherwell because of the pig-iron shortage.

The Lanarkshire Steel Works has had to close down half its plant, not for lack of orders, but for lack of material. Three furnaces have been laid off.

Local wagon-building and engineering shops in the same district cannot employ all their workers because of the shortage of steel.

In other countries the shortage of iron is also acute. In Italy, where they lack nearly all raw materials, they are again collecting scrap iron from every possible source, even households.

### PRICE OF A KENYA BOY

An interesting legal case at Kenya revealed the price of a native boy as eleven goats!

A native of one Kenya tribe who bought a boy belonging to another Kenya tribe, paying eleven goats for him, won his appeal to the Supreme Court at Nairobi against a magistrate's judgment which sentenced him to two years' hard labour for buying a slave.

The magistrate had found him guilty but the Supreme Court thought the boy was not being held in slavery. In Kenya, as elsewhere in Africa, native peoples are keen in availing themselves of the law courts.

### THE SANDS COME BACK

Storms carried away the sands in the Children's Corner at Scarborough during the winter months, and it was feared that only rocks and shingle would be there for the boys and girls who wanted to build castles at Easter.

But the sea was more kindly than anyone had hoped, and a few days before the holiday the sand came back, fresh and clean and deep.

## BLESSING IN DISGUISE

### An Accident Worth While

Who would wish to be hurt in a street accident?

Anita Butcher, who is 22 and has spent five years of her life in bed or in a wheeled chair, will always be thankful that a motor vehicle ran into her, for it has made her walk again.

Astonishing as it must seem, her accident is already proving a blessing in disguise. Doctors and nurses had failed to cure her of an injury caused by a fall down a flight of steps, and year after year this Bradford girl was a prisoner. One day last November she was being wheeled down a street when a car hit her chair. At first those who cared for her were anxious, fearing she might be worse; but after a time Anita felt the strength returning to her legs. The accident cured a form of nerve paralysis, and now Anita is learning to walk.

### NEWS OF A TOY BALLOON

At Easter 1936 a boy in Dorset sent up a toy balloon. It was quickly whirled out of sight, and perhaps it was soon out of mind; but now, almost a year after, the boy who sent it up has had news that it has been found near Kumasi in the Gold Coast.

Picked up there by a boy, its label has been sent to England, and the Negro who found it has asked for some pictures of the kings of England.

### BEEES IN COURT

The court was assembled and a case was being tried at Sheikhpura in India when there was an unusual disturbance.

A hawk had crashed into a hive hanging in a tree in the compound, and the angry bees flew into the crowded courtroom, stinging everyone. The business of the day was suspended, officials and litigants ran off, and the clerk was found unconscious in a lake near by.

## THE HIGHEST HONOUR

### William Groves the Scout C

Highest of the honours the Boy Scouts can award for courage has been bestowed on an Edinburgh scout, Patrol Leader William Stewart Groves.

The award is the Cornwell badge, a plain small letter C in bronze, which stands for courage as well as Cornwell. It is the Boy Scout's V.C.

Scout Jack Cornwell won his Victoria Cross for gallantry and devotion to duty at the Battle of Jutland, and won it dying at his post. The Cornwell badge was instituted in his memory and is seldom given. It has been won by William Groves for undimmed courage and uncomplaining patience in adversity. His is one of the victories of peace not less renowned than those of war.

Groves had been a scout for ten years, and had risen to be a patrol leader when, two years ago, he was struck down by an illness which paralysed him and cost him his sight. For many months he lay in hospital between life and death, his recovery despaired of. All through that time he never uttered a word of despondency or complained.

It must have been this resolution which pulled him through. He has found the partial use of his limbs again, though he is blind.

He may never see the bronze C he wears, but in his breast shines the light of an unconquerable heart and spirit.

### TWOPENCE A WEEK

One of the oldest old ladies in Leeds has been recalling her youth.

She is Mrs Elizabeth Hampshire, who was 98 last December, and she can remember things which happened 94 years ago. She is not likely to forget the long days when she was a nursemaid, though she was then only four, earning twopence a week for rocking a cradle. When she was six she pulled peas or gathered potatoes for a penny a day.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 10

1937



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The High Aim

A VERY interesting report on Borstal boys tells of a lad not yet 17 who has the ambition to become a Prime Minister.

It is good to find legitimate ambition thus cherished in what might be thought an unlikely quarter, for he who aims high, even if he does not hit the high mark, will assuredly find a good target somewhere.

Several European Prime Ministers have risen from the humblest surroundings. Among them are Mr Ramsay MacDonald, Herr Hitler, and Signor Mussolini. Mr MacDonald was a poor boy, Hitler was a house painter, Mussolini is a blacksmith's son. This is proof enough that in our day the romantic career is as possible and as probable as ever before in history. High aim, great adventure, are not the privilege of the few.

A little while ago a photograph of a group of schoolboys was published. One of them was to become a man having power not only in his own country but in the world at large. He looked as a boy not a whit more promising than his playfellows; several of them indeed were handsomer and much more distinguished in appearance. In what did he differ from the others? How are we to account for his eventual predominance among tens of millions of his fellow-creatures?

We cannot answer these questions with complete assurance, but we can hazard that he submitted his innate faculties to development, that he possessed force of character, that he was courageous, and that he had the supreme gift of enthusiasm for what he believed to be right.

Cleverness alone does not serve, for many a clever man has sunk in the scale because unsustained by character. Cleverness must go with high aim if it is to develop into greatness. Ability with force of character and enthusiasm for ideals will take a man anywhere.

The demand for Prime Ministers is small, but the call for men and women of trained ability and good character is enormous and increasing. Never before did the world of affairs more need good service; and never did it offer more splendid opportunities.

The first factor of success is belief in oneself, and that belief is only to be fostered by avoiding what is poor-spirited and paltry, and making the most of the glorious faculties that are the common possession of all. There is no "common clay"; every living creature is a wonder, and every boy and girl should realise the richness of his inheritance.

## Looking Up To the Birds

An American, Donald Culross Peattie, says this fine thing about our friends the birds.

MAN feels himself an infinity above those creatures who stand, zoologically, only one step below him, but every human being looks up to the birds.

They suit the fancy of us all. What they feel they can voice, as we try to; they court and nest, they battle with the elements, they are torn by two opposing impulses, a love of home and a passion for far places. Only with birds do we share so much emotion.

## Do Factory People Want To Wash?

WE confess that we are astonished that the Home Office should reject a Factory Bill amendment compelling every factory to provide washing facilities.

The Home Office official spokesman said that washing facilities are already provided in a large number of factories under existing welfare orders and dangerous trade regulations, and the amendment making facilities universal could not be accepted. They had information that, although it was accepted that workers generally desired washing facilities, *there were circumstances where workers lived very close to a mill and desired to go straight home for their meals and wash there.*

We do not believe that in any factory the workers would not wash before going home if they had the facilities, and certainly they ought to want them, and ought to have them. Who does not hate the idea of boy and girl factory workers lacking decent washbasins?

## Goodbye To All That

A GROWN-UP reader who shares our own infinite gratitude to the B B C for its programmes draws our attention to an error in taste and judgment which was committed during the play *And Now Goodbye* on two recent evenings.

Doctors never mix their conversation with oaths when visiting patients; still less so when the patient happens, as in this play, to be a minister.

The B B C producer of plays should be reminded that his audience numbers millions, and that he has no right to assume that swearing is as acceptable in our homes as in a public-house. If it does not offend him, he should be reminded that his programme is to enter circles where language of the kind referred to is unwelcome and hurtful.

## What Can I Give Him?

What can I give Him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part;  
Yet what can I give Him?  
Give my heart.

Christina Rossetti

## Adam of Noah's Ark

WE hear of a woman whose father worked for Adam and was washed out of Noah's Ark by a flood.

The woman is Charlotte Greenwood, and she has been looking back over her life to the early days she remembers in Leeds. Her father worked for Adam Wade, and Charlotte was born in Noah's Ark Court. In 1866, when she was two, there came the great Leeds flood, filling Noah's Ark Court and the house where Charlotte lived. To complete this odd little tale is the fact that the damage of the flood was so great that her father removed to Paradise Street.

## Tip-Cat

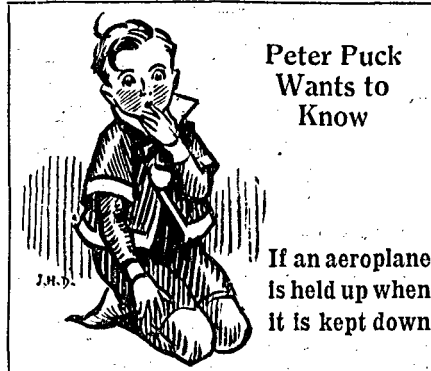
A BOY won first prize at a van-horse show. The horses must have been annoyed.

SPRING is in the country, says a newspaper. We wondered where it had gone to.

GROCERS are having a conference. They will weigh their words.

POSTMAN Blue is the new colour. Dresses will be of a uniform shade.

KEEPING a home going isn't easy, declares a father. Why doesn't he buy a caravan?



A PHRENOLOGIST says children should have their bumps felt. Our boy says he always feels his.

THEY are dressing up Charing Cross Bridge for the Coronation. Why not pull it down?

FIVE HUNDRED chimney-sweeps have gone on strike in Poland. Poles standing up for themselves.

PATIENTS in a certain hospital are protesting against the food. Won't take things lying down.



## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED miles of our roads became national property last week.

A SEAMAN lowered 150 feet down Whitby Cliff safely rescued a dog which had fallen on a ledge.

FOR the first time Manchester's libraries have issued over 20,000 books in one day.

## JUST AN IDEA

If we can hang on, with the courage and the will to hold fast, the worst passes.

## What Helped Most

By The Pilgrim

HIS eyes lit up as he showed us his books. "This is my den," he said. "This is where I am happy—or as happy as I can ever hope to be."

"Here's Plato," he went on. "And here is Aristotle. I always keep Shakespeare between them—a queer companionship, no doubt. I often take them down. They have always meant much to me."

He hesitated. Then he said, "For all that, in those terrible days when my wife was so ill, days when I hardly knew how to keep on, I am afraid I did not go to Plato for comfort. Aristotle had nothing to encourage me. Shakespeare was lofty but unlovable. No, lover of books that I am, I used to steal out of the house whenever I could leave her, and I looked in to see a neighbour, an old man. We never said much; but he made me welcome. I knew he understood, for he had been through what I was going through then. He helped me, simple old man that he was, when the greatest minds in all the world failed me. He was a friend in need."

He paused. "And I don't suppose he had ever read a word of Plato or Aristotle or Shakespeare in his life."

## A Singer in His Nest

This is by Edmund Gosse on his friend Swinburne, of whom we read on another page.

HE did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally, when I have parted with him in the evening after saying Good-night, he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat like a grasshopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door.

## Bid Her Name Shine Sunlike as of Old

New Year, be good to England. Bid her name  
Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea;  
Make strong her soul; set all her spirit free;  
Bind fast her home-born foes with links of shame  
More strong than iron and more keen than flame;  
Seal up their lips for shame's sake; so shall she,  
Who was the light that lightened freedom, be,  
For all false tongues, in all men's eyes the same.

Algernon Charles Swinburne,  
born 100 years ago this week

## Pasteur Amazed

The more I study Nature the more I stand amazed at the works of the Creator. I pray while I am engaged in my work in the laboratory.

Louis Pasteur



## PRIME MINISTER'S SALARY

**An Increase Well Earned  
SHOULD MEN BE PAID TO OPPOSE  
THE GOVERNMENT?**

The Government proposals to alter the salaries of Ministers are important and should be clearly understood.

The Prime Minister's salary, now £5000 a year, is to be raised to £10,000. Ex-Prime Ministers are to receive a pension for life of £2000 a year.

The salaries of Ministers are rearranged, some to receive £5000 a year and others £3000. The Pensions Minister is to have only £2000, but all Ministers in the Cabinet are always to have £5000. Under-Secretaries are to get £1500 or more.

Another proposal is revolutionary, for the *Leader of the Opposition* is to be paid £2000 a year!

### A Pension For Life

The most interesting and important of these changes are the first and the last. Everyone will agree that the Prime Minister should be well paid. It is not only that his office is all-important, but that he is compelled to spend much in entertainment, which should be a public charge.

The pension for life is another matter. It must be agreed that it is inequitable that a man should give up his profession to become Prime Minister, and then, after years of great service, return to civil life deprived in effect of the means to earn his living. That is actually what happened to Mr Asquith, one of the best Prime Ministers we ever had. The doubtful point is the £2000 a year for life, which might mean paying that sum for 30, 40, or 50 years to a retired Prime Minister, or paying £2000 a year to two, three, or more simultaneously. Moreover, the pension is to be paid even if the Prime Minister has held office for a very short period, say a few weeks or months, though not if he is an M.P.

### A Matter For Debate

The proposal to pay the man who leads the Opposition is a very different matter, and is for serious debate. In effect, the Leader of the Opposition becomes a paid public servant, a sort of Minister of the Crown salaried to carry out a duty.

The proposal to pay someone to attack the Government of the day should be very carefully examined by Parliament; the worst of it is that the Opposition will have a financial interest in the measure!

*What would be said of a business concern which paid a man to manage it and paid another man to oppose everything he did?*

## THE CHAIN GANG

**Remarkable Survival in America**

Many remarkable pictures have been published to illustrate the terrible consequences of the floods resulting from the neglect of the wonderful rivers of the United States.

Among them not the least pitiful are some connected with the building in Tennessee of dykes to dam the Mississippi. They show chain gangs of American convicts, white men, Negroes, and half-castes, set to work in the dykes. Each man has his ankles chained together, permitting freedom of movement sufficient to enable him to work, but no more.

It is indeed surprising that such a degree of human degradation should survive in the United States of America in 1937.

## A WONDERFUL EFFECT IN EUROPE

**What Professor Murray Thinks.**

**BE STRONG FOR PEACE**

That very good friend of Peace, and good friend of the C N, Professor Gilbert Murray, has been speaking to the League of Nations Union on a matter which is greatly troubling C N readers.

We pass on his chief points for the encouragement of all who are having difficulty in making up their minds concerning the Government's rearming policy.

There was no doubt, Professor Gilbert Murray told a conference at Oxford, that our rearmament programme had had a wonderful effect throughout Europe, and that the neutral peaceful nations had given a sigh of relief.

The danger of the present European situation was very great, he said. Nobody would deny that, and this danger had been increased by a certain lack of spirit and confidence in the policy of this country and France.

### The Gambler's Stakes.

The thing that was significant about Mussolini was the reckless way in which he had flung down his stakes and, against all odds, so far, had won. There had been no doubt that an impression had been created in Europe that Mussolini and Hitler represented the winning side and we the failing side.

What about non-resistance? In the light of 1914 an assurance of non-resistance on our part would simply be an invitation. We realised that peace is a normal condition of life and war a deliberate crime; Hitler and Mussolini accepted the view that there was nothing more glorious than a conquest.

We could say that we were defending a cause of real value to humanity, so that if we won we should have put human life on a higher basis.

"We shall not get a general peace in Europe until Mussolini and Hitler have tried and failed," he added. "It may mean a good deal of patience, but I believe that they cannot succeed permanently."

### SUMMER TIME ALL THE YEAR

We shall soon be giving ourselves an extra hour of sunshine.

Very welcome it will be, but how many of us know that there is a spot in England where they have summer time all the year?

We read about it in Arthur Mee's Kent, a wonderful survey of the 400 villages in the county well named the gateway to England. If we come to Chislehurst, with its lovely common and charming woods of silver birch, we may find a stone post sundial in Petts Wood. It is interesting for showing only Summer Time, and is a memorial to William Willett, who lies in the beautiful churchyard. It was he, of course, who gave us our extra hour of daylight, and it was in these woods that he loved to ride when most folk were asleep.

### A RIVER OF MUD

Near the little village of Douanne, in the Swiss Juras, an irresistible flow of mud is slowly engulfing the vineyards, bearing away everything that stands in its path.

The villagers and their sympathisers look on helpless, for there is nothing to be done. It is a misdeed of the deplorable and long continued rain, and nothing like it is within the memory of man.

In the neighbourhood of Vesuvius we have heard of lava streams flowing at the rate of a few yards a day, but fire is known to be destructive; here at Douanne liquid, clogging mud, flowing also a few yards a day, is seen to be equally terrible.

## SEND HIM VICTORIOUS C N Coronation Extra

The Editor has prepared a beautiful Coronation souvenir for readers of the C N.

It is a special issue of 56 pages, all printed in photogravure. In this extra number we take a look round the Empire on which the sun never sets; we go with the King and Queen on their travels in far lands, and see them in their happy family life at home.

London, City of the Crowning, is the subject of another beautifully illustrated article, and we learn much of our historic Westminster Abbey. The thousand-year story of the Throne is also told, and there are portraits of our rulers for as many years, a thousand years of kings. There are splendid pictures of the Regalia, and the historic Coronation ceremony is described by one who has been present at two crownings in the Abbey.

All this and much more there is in this wonderful extra number of the C N, which will be ready on Thursday next week. Although there are 56 pages, all printed in photogravure, the price is only sixpence. As there will be a big demand for this unique issue readers should make sure of their copy by asking the newsagent to reserve it.

**Send Him Victorious  
The C N Coronation Extra**

## THE BEAUTY OF THE CORNISH COAST

**More For the Nation**

Spring has brought to Cornwall visitors from all over England to enjoy the beauty of its magnificent coast.

The very popularity of this coast brings its own dangers of ill-planned development of holiday homes which may spoil its beauty and exclude the public from the cliff lands on which they have been accustomed to walk and picnic. In the past three years the National Trust has been fortunate in being able to preserve many miles of Cornish coast, and so ensure their freedom for the enjoyment of all.

The Trust now announces that through the generosity of Mrs Pollard the beautiful cliff lands extending for nearly a mile from Mullion Cliffs at Porth Pyg, about a mile south of Mullion, to the North End of Predannack Head have been preserved by means of covenants in connection with which part of the land will pass into the actual ownership of the Trust. The Higher Predannack Cliffs are particularly impressive, while the view over Mount's Bay is superb.

The Trust will now be protecting 18 coast properties in Cornwall.

### THE NOAH'S ARK TRAIN

The modern covered wagon is the railway train.

A Noah's Ark train pulled out of the sidings at Wilmslow, Cheshire, the other morning. Four hours or so later it drew into the sidings at Presthope, Salop, with its load of a complete farm, including livestock, implements, and furniture.

A generation ago settlers going "up west" would have taken a week over an eighty-mile journey such as this. The special train conveyed 27 head of cattle, 52 head of poultry, nine pigs, two dogs and two cats, and three ducks.

## 14 NATIONS AND A FISHING NET

**Why it is Important**

**A LITTLE THING THAT MATTERS VERY MUCH**

For generations scholars have laughed at Dr Johnson's failure to describe simply in his famous Dictionary the meaning of the word Net. He calls a net "a texture woven with large interstices or meshes."

Well, representatives of 14 nations have been deliberating in London on the size of these interstices: what size shall be the mesh of the world's fishing nets?

Ten nations, including ours, have agreed what that size shall be; the other four—France, Finland, Latvia, and Portugal—have to consider the question further, but it is hoped they will set their signatures to the agreement the others have signed, and so unify fishing conditions for Europe.

It may at first sight seem strange that a matter apparently so trivial as the size of the openings in a fishing net should draw the nations together, yet in reality the whole future of the fishing industry hinges on the decision. Fishing is menaced by two dangers, both producing similar results.

### Catching the Little Fish

Nets are made with the meshes too small or are continued in use so long that shrinkage of the material lessens the size of the openings. The result is that multitudes of young small fish are caught. These are useless for market and are wasted. That is serious enough, but the consequences are graver than the mere loss of the fish so taken and allowed to die.

Caught at that stage, the fish are too young to have developed and laid eggs; left to mature they would people the seas with new swarms to gladden the hearts of the fishermen and enrich their purses. With nets of mesh too small we treat our fisheries like an ill-run garden where all the flowers are cut and none is allowed to seed for next season's sowing.

Many of our fishes if allowed to attain maturity are as fruitful as trees, but if growing fish are caught before they have reached the egg-laying stage all their power of increase is lost, and it has been noted of recent years that we are getting smaller percentages of big fish, with increasing quantities of small fish.

### The Dogger Bank Nursery

So, if to define a fishing net troubled the great master of words for his Dictionary, no less do the nets themselves perturb the nations which have vast investments in ships that carry the nets to fish the seas. For centuries fishermen have been mere hunters; they are now becoming cultivators of the sea.

We have sent salmon and trout to the Antipodes; we have artificial hatcheries for oysters, mussels, and cockles; we put young plaice and other flatfish out to nurse on the Dogger Bank and elsewhere where feeding is rich and plentiful, and the reward is generous.

Americans, profiting by our example, has done something even more remarkable; she has transported an Atlantic fish, the shad, across the continent and set up a shad hatchery in the Pacific, where already the emigrants have bred so rapidly that they are already being caught in myriads.

### GRATITUDE OF A BIRD

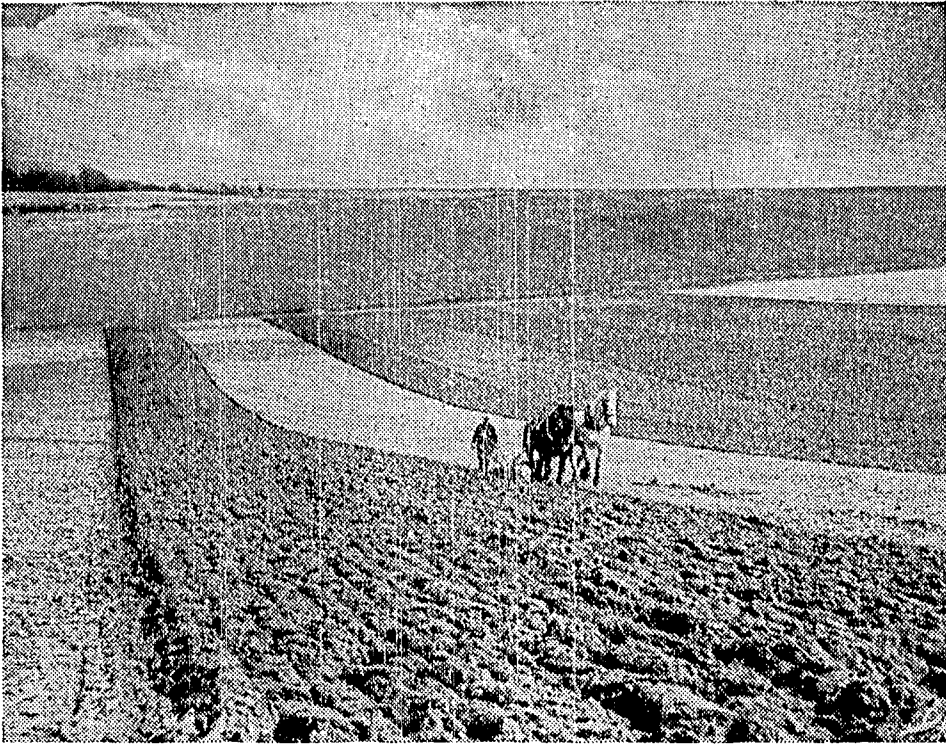
On the wildest and most tempestuous part of the western coast of France lives a well-known poet with his family.

One day his daughter picked up a cormorant with damaged claws and wing. She took it home and cared for it and then restored its freedom.

From time to time the bird comes back as if to show its gratitude. It is known by its scars.



## Ploughing the Broad Acres of Kent



## Looking Out From a Surrey Hilltop



## Oak Bark From the Forest of Dean



# THE STRANGE BOY BORN 100 YEARS AGO

LET us imagine a scene nearly a hundred years ago in the handsome library at Eton College.

There are two people. One is old Grub the librarian, the other a creature like a fairy, something almost unearthly as it sits cross-legged like a tailor. It is a boy with a small face and red and gold hair, the sunshine gleaming on it as he crouches in the bay window, leaning over a book about as big as himself.

He hears no sound. He sees nothing but the printed page. If a visitor looks in for a moment and old Grub points him out and whispers that he is the college curiosity, the boy does not raise his head. He is lost in romances of the past; caught up by the spirit of Ben Jonson or Drayton or Shakespeare.

Who is he, this wild, strange boy with the small frame and a face glowing with excitement?

He is Algernon Charles Swinburne, born 100 years ago this week, on April 5, 1837.

There has never been anyone quite like him. For a mother he had an earl's daughter (Lady Jane Henrietta Ashburnham), one of the most accomplished women of her time; and for a grandfather he had a baronet who in his habits and dress and modes of thought was like a French nobleman of the days before the Revolution. Both influenced his life tremendously.

### A Lover of Shakespeare

His early days were spent chiefly in the Isle of Wight, though he went for long holidays to his grandfather's home in Northumberland. It had been feared, he would not live an hour, but he grew up to be a sort of sturdy sprite. He loved reading above all things, but he loved walking and swimming too, and there was no cliff too steep for him to climb. Bold, fierce, headstrong, he was strangely ethereal; he would dream all day.

At 12 he went to Eton, and no stranger boy ever passed through that famous school. He went with his head full of poetry, laughed at for always hugging a volume of Shakespeare his mother had given him. He spent his years at Eton reading everything he could lay hands on. When he played with other boys it was usually with the sons of Charles Dickens, but for the most part he was seen with his books at a window in the library, though he would sometimes go off walking in Windsor Forest, talking all the time, his hands and feet all going together, his little white face shining as he recited hundreds of lines of poetry.

### A Golden Star Appears

From Eton he went to Oxford, but his mind was not suited to study. Though he left without taking a degree, he knew Italian and French and Greek as few young men of his time, and carried off prizes for verse. Like Shelley, he was a rebel.

About 1862 there appeared in literary circles a golden star; Algernon Charles Swinburne startled everyone.

Ruskin formed a high opinion of him. He made friends with Burne-Jones and

William Morris. He began a wonderful friendship with Rossetti, who guided and restrained him with marvellous patience and insight, always speaking of him as his little Northumbrian friend. He visited Lord Houghton at his Yorkshire home, and was described as being like a crimson macaw among owls. When he began talking he had such a flow of language, such imagery and mastery of words, such ability to go on and on reciting poems or reeling off facts about the classics or medieval literature or contemporary prose and verse, that no one else had anything to say. He moved among some of the most brilliant men of the century, but they remained dumb with wonder. He was fascinating to look at and almost terrifying to hear. He knew too much.

### Genius Burning Itself Out

Even then he was nearing his pinnacle. He was not 30 when he published *Atalanta in Calydon*. It appeared in a cream-coloured binding with mystical ornaments by his friend Rossetti, and was an instant success, Ruskin declaring it to be the grandest thing ever done by youth. A drama in classical Greek form, it is famous for its choruses and its magical verse. By the time he had finished his big book on Blake he was the most-talked-of man in England, and his striking appearance and his eccentricities gave rise to the wildest tales about him.

But his genius was burning itself out. At 30 his political opinions and his views on literature and art were little different from those he had had as a boy, and to the end of his life (he died in April 1909) he advanced hardly at all. Had his intellectual growth continued as it began he would probably have become a very great man, but it ceased to develop, though his imagination hardly grew less vigorous, and he never lost his wonderful mastery of words.

### The Memory of the Man

For years he wasted his powers and ruined his health, but in 1879, when his friends thought he had very little longer to live, he was taken care of by one of them, who looked after him for 30 years, guarding him as if he had been a child. It is strange to picture the little elf in the window at Eton becoming a deaf man, rather lovable in spite of his weaknesses, his chief delight nothing more than waylaying nursemaids on Putney Heath so that he might talk with a baby in a perambulator.

It is a hundred years since this queer man was born. Of the vast amount of poetry he wrote, and of the books which once made such a stir, it is doubtful if more than a very little will survive another hundred years, though some of his lyrics will last as long as English literature. His life was like a roaring torrent with the sunshine and shadows dancing over it, much sound and fury, but mostly signifying nothing. What remains today is the memory of the man himself, the bright eyes, the restless hands and feet of a genius with amazing knowledge and a marvellous memory.

## THE TREES FELLED LAST WINTER

NOW that the end of the long spell of wet weather has come to bless us, country roads are thronged with the great lorries which carry away the trees felled during the winter. To many of us the state of these trees is a mystery.

Some are completely stripped of bark; some are bare except for rings of bark at the ends and in the middle of the trunk. We used rightly to say that the oaks had been stripped in order that their bark might be used for tanning; but that rarely happens now, although, as one of our pictures shows, it is still collected in the Forest of Dean for that purpose. More often than not oak bark is apt to lie where the tree was stripped,

and not to find its way as of old to the dresser of hides.

The stripping is carried out as a precaution against weevils and beetles, which, penetrating the living tree by boring under the bark, damage the trunk. With the bark removed they are driven away or die where they are, and the timber remains unharmed.

The rings of bark left on the tree are safety-lines, so to speak. Reduced as they are in size, they yet have power enough to prevent the felled trunk from splitting. When the timber reaches the sawyer's the remaining bark is removed, and the trunk is fit for seasoning and reduction to planks.



# THE FIVE BEAUTIFUL SISTERS

ONCE upon a time there were five beautiful sisters. They were daughters of a Yorkshire Methodist parson, the Rev George Macdonald of Huddersfield; and their lives made them part of England's story.

It is as if four of them, Agnes and Alice, Louisa and Georgiana, had said "we are going to marry famous men," while Edith, who has just passed away, said that she would sit by the fire looking on as they went out into the world. If it had been a fairy tale that is how it might have been told; but this is a true story, and this is the way it went.

## The Mother of Rudyard Kipling

Edith was the youngest. She has been the last remaining of that bevy of beautiful women, none of whom lived to her great age of 88. Louisa became Mrs Baldwin, mother of the Prime Minister, and on the day of her marriage her sister wedded Sir Edward Poynter, who was to be President of the Royal Academy. Another sister, Alice, married Lockwood Kipling, and, going out to India with him, became the mother of Rudyard Kipling. The fourth sister, Georgiana, became the wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

Agnes was an accomplished musician, Alice (Mrs Kipling) composed and sang songs so tuneful that the tradesmen's boys, hearing them through open windows, caught up the tunes and whistled them. Edith sang and played, though she was the quietest of them all. In Lady Burne-Jones's Memorials there is a story of her that once, when sitting on a little stool by the fire reading the Arabian Nights, she suddenly looked up to address the room with, "Oh, daughters of my father's house!"

## A Devoted Daughter

Edith, the dreaming child, grew up to be the prop of her parents. Her father's health failed, her gentle mother, who had been the laughing elder sister of her children, became a semi-invalid. It fell to Edith, when she was a young unmarried woman of 20, to devote her life to them during their remaining years in Bewdley, in the Severn Valley.

To this quiet house came from India the little boy Rudyard Kipling, not yet three years old, brought by his mother to see the old people. Edith used to describe how the small boy came into the big room belonging to his grandparents, and after surveying it remarked indignantly to his mother that they had taken the best room for themselves.

When the old people died Edith made her home with Mr and Mrs Alfred Baldwin at Wilden House near Stourport. Here for sixty years she lived, and saw young Stanley Baldwin brought up. Wilden House became as the house at Huddersfield had been—a haven of sweetness and light.

## A Worcestershire Village

To it came the children and grandchildren of her married sisters. There were the cousins of Stanley Baldwin, Philip and Margaret Burne-Jones, Rudyard and Alice Kipling, Ambrose and Hugh Poynter. In times these brought their children, even grandchildren. The changing years found no change in the abode of rest and quietness. It is a beautiful house in a small hamlet facing ironworks, but looking across lawns and fields to distant hills.

Much reason has England to be thankful to this Worcestershire village of Wilden, for its great chimneys rise from the ironworks which founded the fortunes of the house of Baldwin. It is not one of those villages which Mr Chesterton called our Crown Jewels, not one of those hamlets of which Mr Baldwin is so often thinking in his speeches, but it is a piece of England with a perfectly good character, with this great seat of industry lying under a tree-crowned ridge and looking out across

the valley, a church glowing with the beauty given to it by master hands, and the memories of those who have passed this way and done great things.

It was in the great works here that Mr Baldwin began his career in the business world, and he has given us a very human picture of the kind of place an English workshop was in those days.

## Strikes and Lock-outs Unknown

We give it here because it seems to us a memorable picture of the England that has passed away.

It was a place where I had known from childhood every man on the ground, where I was able to talk to men, not only about troubles in the works, but troubles at home, where strikes and lock-outs were unknown, and where the fathers and grandfathers of the men had worked and their sons went automatically into the business.

It was also a place where nobody ever got the sack, and where we had a natural sympathy for those who were less concerned in efficiency than this generation is. There were a large number of old gentlemen who used to spend the day sitting on the handle of a wheelbarrow and smoking their pipes.

Oddly enough, it was not an inefficient community. It was the last survivor of that type of works, and ultimately was swallowed up in one of those great combinations to which the industries of the country are tending.

The neat little bellcot church, in which they have laid Edith Macdonald to rest, was given to Wilden by the man who was so much beloved hereabouts, Alfred Baldwin, father of our Prime Minister. The little clock turret by the gate is to his memory, and everywhere is something to remind us of the family whose energies have built up the prosperity of this place.

## Windows By Burne-Jones

In a dim interior glowing with rich colour, reds and blues and greens, is a rare series of windows put here by Stanley Baldwin's uncle, Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The east window was given by Alfred Baldwin in memory of his happy married life; we remember that his son Stanley was the only child, and in the window is a child setting out on life's journey with a guardian angel. There are other small scenes of Bethlehem, but the great figures of the window are Our Lord with the children, St Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar, and St George. It was at his father's death in 1908 that Mr Baldwin came into Parliament, and there was set up to his father's memory then a window with a fine red-robed figure of Joshua with his trumpeters passing over Jordan. He lies under a simple stone by a cypress tree in the churchyard.

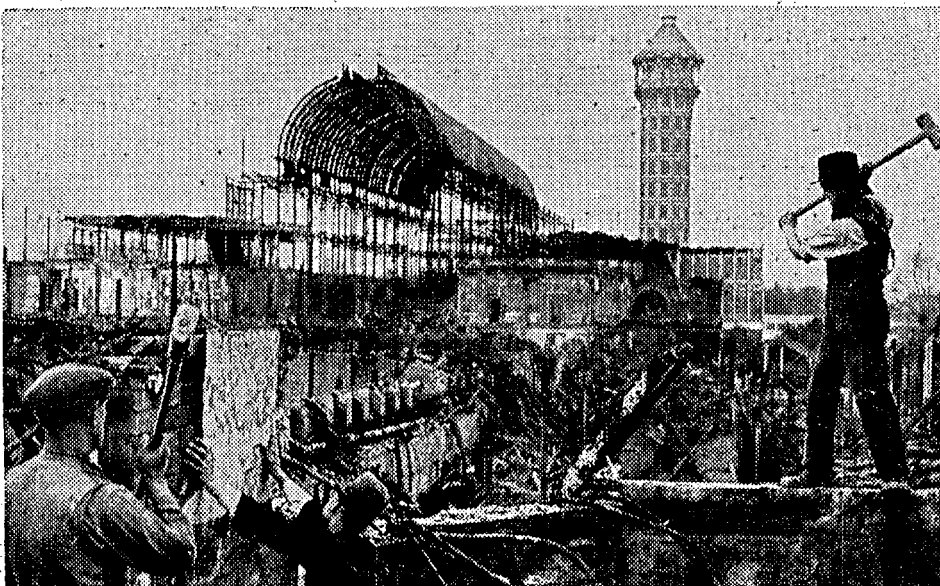
In another window of the chancel are Cecilia with her organ, Miriam playing cymbals, and two minstrel angels; and there is in memory of Arthur Baldwin a picture of Fortitude with his shield pierced by arrows, and Triumph with a sword and crown.

## Edith Macdonald's Needlework

For those who have the good fortune to be here at festivals there is the sight of a very precious possession on the altar, a richly embroidered frontal in gold silk with vines and grapes. Eleven years of devoted work has been put into it, and it is worthy of it all. It was designed by William Morris, Lady Burne-Jones began it to show Mrs Baldwin and Edith Macdonald how to embroider it, and most of this remarkable work was afterwards done by the devoted lady who has just passed away.

Few of our small modern churches have had put into them more devoted labour by artists of so great merit, and it is good that so great a lady should lie where she was so often seen and where her work is so greatly loved.

# Clearing Away the Crystal Palace



# The Best of Friends at Birchington



# A Helping Hand at the Zoo





## A SALMON'S STRANGE WAYS

Can Its Habits Be Changed?

### A CANADIAN EXPERIMENT

From the Canadian fish hatchery in Nova Scotia a thousand salmon emigrants have been shipped inland to the Snake River of Quebec.

They are very young and small emigrants, no longer than a finger and only just beginning to show their salmon markings. But they come of a hardy race, for the salmon tribe are ocean fish found only in the waters round about the Pole. No warm Mediterranean seas for them.

In the ocean, they spend most of their lives, and the little salmon which have been sent to the Snake River are of very slow growth, remaining about the same size for several years. They have been sent to these inland waters not to speed up their way of life, but to see if it can be altered. In a word, the Canadian experimenters, Professor Harkness, of Toronto University and Mr Moffat Dunlap, wish to see if they can change the habits of the Atlantic salmon. Their experiment may prove as impracticable as making the leopard change its spots.

#### Well-Established Facts

There has always been much argument about the mystery of the life-history of the salmon, but one or two facts seem to be well established. Its natural home is the ocean, and there presumably it feeds and grows. But after a shorter or longer life in salt water it seeks the fresh water of a river; and generally, if not always, the river is that where the salmon was born and lived its early months. Up this river the salmon makes its way, ready to surmount great difficulties to reach clear waters with gravelly or sandy beds. There it deposits the eggs for the next generation. Having done so it returns to the sea, leaving the uncouth millions of the young to follow when they have grown bigger.

#### Few Survivors

Their difficulties and their enemies are far greater than those of their robust parents, and the percentage of survivors is small, though the numbers of those who were born to live or die is so great.

While the parent salmon are in the waters of the river they do not appear to feed at all. The young after they have come from the egg certainly do, and not infrequently feed on one another. But it may be taken for granted that as a race salmon find their food in the sea. They seek the river waters to lay their eggs because there, though the dangers to the young are so great, they are less than would be encountered by the puny young salmon if born on the ocean bed.

#### Closing the Gate To the Sea

The habit which the Canadian experimenters wish to alter is that of going down to the sea. The young salmon of the Snake River will not be able to make this voluntary journey. There is no way out. The question is whether they will grow and feed and raise up families in fresh water and in fresh water alone. Trout can be transplanted, and the migratory sea trout is thought by some authorities to be of the same race as the salmon.

The experiment is an interesting one, but it may be found that the Atlantic salmon is as fixed in its habits as the eel, and that not a few years, but thousands, would be needed to make a change in the life-story it has followed for ages.

## WHO IS THIS MAN?

He is a Certain American

An American writer, Raymond Clapper, has said some very fine words about a great American without naming him. We give a few of them, and leave it to our readers to guess who is described.

Surely you know him, this man who found a nation ridden with fear and brought it through to new confidence;

Who summons courage equal to the hour, either to close the banks or to lash out at his enemies with hard scorn; yet whose heart melts when he sees a lonely young girl at her first party and tells her, by his order, to command the most handsome young man on the adjoining terrace to waltz with her;

Who speaks before throngs with such seeming assurance, yet whose hand, we see, trembles while he waits out the long applause;

Who lives with human warmth in a thousand flashing moments, on and off the national stage, as scenes come tumbling into memory... visiting, on the eve of his first inauguration, an obscure shop in New York to ask an old Negro to come with him to Hyde Park and pack his beloved ship prints for the journey to Washington... winding through crowds which press about his slowly moving automobile with their echoing murmur, "I almost touched him";

#### Champion of Forgotten Men

Who, born in luxury, linked by family to ten presidents, has made himself the champion of forgotten men and women, using his talents, as was said of Benjamin Franklin, in an attempt to subdue the ugly facts of society to some more rational scheme of things; concerned not so much that the rich shall sleep peacefully in their beds but that everyone shall have a bed in which to sleep;

Who, afflicted so that he is unable to move a step without support, is yet a man of action, who has travelled more, been seen and heard by more, been voted for by more free men and women than anyone else before him;

Who wants to bring about in his time a world which shall venture some few paces on into the vistas of hope which science and man's ingenuity have opened to us.

## ALL-NIGHT SCHOOL

Three boys have been locked all night in Worsley School near Manchester. They were Kenneth and Stanley Clark, and Trevor Bailey.

Leaving school with the other scholars, Kenneth went back for his school report, which he was anxious to show his mother and father. His brother and Trevor went back with him, and by the time they had found the report the school caretaker had locked all the doors and gone home. The boys shouted, but no one heard them; and when they found it was quite impossible to attract anyone's attention, they did the most sensible thing they could do, settling down for the night in one of the classrooms. They did not sleep well, but they were not afraid of the darkness, and when the caretaker arrived about seven in the morning they went home as hungry as three hunters.

The boys had been safe all the time, but their parents had been anxious, and the police had been searching everywhere.

#### The Litter Lout Raises Your Rates

Put him down and keep them down

## A CRASH ON THE COAST OF FORMOSA

What it Means When an Oil Tank Bursts

A good friend of the C N at a lonely outpost has been busy with a wreck and sends us these notes on it. He is at Taihoku in Formosa, and the wreck was that of the Angelina oil-tanker.

The Angelina, after wandering for three days in a blinding fog, crashed on the rocky coast of North Formosa.

She was carrying 1200 tons of bulk oil from Foochow in China to Tamsui, Formosa. The oil was in three tanks, each holding 400 tons; the crash burst one of the tanks and 400 tons of oil flowed on to the sea, spreading in an ever-thinning film until it covered over a hundred square miles of sea surface. That meant death to millions of fish which were choked or poisoned by the petroleum. As oil does not evaporate the film will not be dissipated for weeks.

#### Death To Sea-birds

The fisherfolk along the coast demand compensation, for their livelihood for many days has been taken from them. Sea-birds, eager for their food, pounce on the struggling fish, but the oil clots on their wings and feathers, and they fall into the oily water and are drowned. Even the rocks are coated with grease, and there is the constant danger that the crashing waves will burst the other two tanks, spilling the other 800 tons of oil, which will mean three times as much loss to the helpless fisherfolk as well as to the oil company.

And nothing can be done about all this, for man has not yet discovered how to dispel such a sheet of oil on water. All the men on board, eight Dutch officers and 30 Chinese seamen, were landed under great danger, and a plucky little tug-boat named Saucy is hurrying from Shanghai to help her stranded sister; but when the writer of this news posted it to the C N the weather man was giving warning of a small typhoon approaching, which would make salvage impossible. "They that go down to the sea in ships" have distressing problems to face.

## CORONATION TRAINS

Mighty Preparations

The railways are making great preparations to help the public to get to London for Coronation Day, May 12, which has been proclaimed a Public Holiday.

There will be cheap fares during the festivities. Coronation tours are designed to enable overseas visitors to make trips to places of outstanding interest, such as Canterbury, the Shakespeare Country, Windsor, Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, the Lake Counties, North Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

For the Great Day itself the railways will run over 200 long-distance excursion trains to London. Numerous connecting special trains on branch lines will link up with these, so that all the principal towns will have a direct service with London. These long-distance trains will run mainly through the night to enable spectators of the processions to be in their places in good time. The first of these trains will arrive at the London termini shortly before midnight, and afterwards at frequent intervals.

Special services will be run on London suburban lines, and cheap day tickets at single fare for the double journey will be issued.

To provide for the army of visitors, and to relieve the pressure on hotels, the railways are placing 119 camping coaches in London and within easy access to the Metropolis. For those who wish to see the decorations, illuminations, and floodlighting, extensive services of day, half-day, and evening trains have been arranged.

## HARVARDS HERE & HARVARDS THERE

Why a Professor Crosses the Atlantic

After three years in London Professor Walter Gropius, the distinguished architect, has become Professor of Architecture at Harvard University, and it is of remarkable interest to remember that Mr Gropius is in some measure indebted to Shakespeare for his new post.

The dramatist grew up with the Rogers family as neighbours at Stratford-on-Avon, and the supposition is that, on returning from London on one of his visits to his home, he took with him Robert Harvard, the worthy Southwark butcher who had become his friend during his Globe Theatre days.

Harvard married Katherine Rogers of Stratford, and became the father of the famous John Harvard. Sent to Cambridge University, John took his degree, and then, having married the daughter of a clergyman, sailed in 1637 for America. There, an earnest scholar, he became for the brief remainder of his life a preacher; but the hand of death was on him when he reached the New World, and he died within eight months of his arrival.

#### A Great University Begins

In his will he left half his estate and all his books for the founding of a college. The site was to be New Town, a tiny suburb of Boston. There, on a spit of land beside a river, they built a great log hut, called it Harvard College in his honour, and changed the name of New Town to Cambridge.

The university there, and a chapel in Southwark Cathedral, restored and made beautiful by graduates of Harvard, are his only memorials in either country, for no man knows where John Harvard sleeps. His college is now one of the world's greatest universities, with a teaching staff of over 800 and students numbering upward of 5000.

Harvard descendants still survive in England. One of them, Lionel de Jersey Harvard, discovered by the American Ambassador in London in 1908, was eventually taken out to be educated as the guest of the university bearing his ancestor's name. He did well there. Having secured his degree, he remembered his Motherland, which was then in danger, and as soon as he was free from his university studies in 1915 he came back to enlist in her armed forces and to venture his life for her.

## LONDON'S LAST GALLERIED INN

The National Trust, through the generosity of the L N E R, is acquiring the historic George Inn at Southwark.

The building was erected in 1677 on the site of a much older inn which had been destroyed by fire. Though the site may have seen the starting of pilgrimages and probably served as a theatre in Shakespeare's time, the first certain facts are that it was a great coaching station. It is mentioned in Little Dorrit and was frequented by Dickens, and is now the last survivor of the galleried inns of London. As such it has become a popular place of pilgrimage for sightseers in London and of refreshment for many business men in the district.

The yard from which goods were dispatched by coach in the old days is still used in the same way by the L N E R, who will continue to use it for this purpose. The railway company has been anxious that the Inn should be preserved, but a recent survey has shown that a considerable sum is now needed to repair the ravages of time.



## LYRA'S BEAUTIFUL JEWELS

### Brilliant Vega and the Egg-Shaped Suns of Beta

By the C.N. Astronomer

The charming little constellation of Lyra, the Lyre, is now becoming prominent in the north-east sky, where it may be seen about nine o'clock and by means of the star-map be easily identified. Vega, the brightest star in the northern heavens, being unmistakable.

The Lyre, an ancient form of harp, is the only musical instrument symbolised by the stars, and while, as a constellation, it is of Phoenician origin, it became associated later with the ancient Greek story as the instrument Orpheus took to provide entertainment, and to charm the Sirens on the voyage of the Argonauts to win the Golden Fleece.

The stellar jewels of Lyra are of great interest. Vega, the most obvious, being a sun radiating about 59 times more light than our own, which would be scarcely visible to the naked eye were it as far away. As it is, Vega is about 1,700,000 times farther from us, and, though coming closer at the rate of about 550 miles a minute, it does not appear appreciably nearer in the course of a century, so far away is it—about 27 light-years.

Were Vega as near to us as our Sun it would present a bluish-white disc of far more intense brilliance and twice as hot, while, since its diameter is nearly two and a half times greater, altogether we should get over fifty times more heat from Vega than from our Sun. About 13,500 years ago Vega was the Pole Star of the heavens, and will be again some 11,500 years hence.

Beta and Gamma in Lyra, the two bright stars below Vega, are of particular interest studied together, for whereas Gamma is a single sun pouring out some 500 times more light and heat than our Sun and from a distance of 296 light-years, or 18,734,000 times farther off, Beta is composed of two suns so placed that one will alternately pass in front of the other and cause variations in its light when compared with Gamma.

#### Whirling Suns

Beta is therefore what is known as an eclipsing variable comparable to Algol, described three weeks ago. But in the case of Beta they are both brilliant suns, and though their centres are about 40 million miles apart, as revealed spectroscopically, yet so immense are these types of sun that their surfaces are comparatively close. So close, indeed, are they that they raise a great permanent tide on the hemispheres nearest together, and become egg-shaped instead of spherical. In this condition they whirl round at great speed once in 12 days 21 hours and 47 minutes.

As these great suns whirl round they alternately pass one in front of the other, producing a diminution of their combined light as a star when seen from the Earth. Dropping from 3.3 to 4.5 magnitude, Beta is so much reduced that, instead of being just as bright as Gamma, it becomes very much fainter. This occurs when the smaller of the two suns of Beta is in front of the other and both, although egg-shaped, present themselves endways toward the Earth. Then they brighten up to 3.3 magnitude again; but after about 6½ days the smaller sun passes behind the other, and being not so bright the diminution of light is less, and so the drop is only from 3.3 to 3.9 magnitude. As in the case of Algol, each eclipse, or minimum, when it is observed actually occurred 233 years ago, because the light has taken all that time to reach us.

G. F. M.

## ROADS

Here in England all roads lead to London, among them the famous highway known as the Great North Road; and from town to town and from village to city the roads bring us at every turn to new prospects. Now it is a peep of green fields, now an old bridge over a stream; here a vista of trees, and there a group of red roofs gathering round a grey spire. They bring us to old-world hamlets and to great industrial centres. Mile after mile we travel, and still the road goes on.

To McAdam and Telford we owe the beginnings of our modern highways; but for centuries many of our roads have had Roman foundations, for the Romans were the greatest of all road builders, and still we may trace their paved ways on the hilltops. Today we have learned again the art of road-making.

#### Joys of the Open Road

Wonderful as are our main roads, we keep our love for "the rolling English road" and our quiet lanes, where the hedges are untrimmed, and something of the peace and unspoiled loveliness of old England still remains.

Those of us who love the open road will know Bliss Carman's song:

*Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:  
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;  
A shadowy highway, cool and brown,  
Alluring up and enticing down.  
An open hand, an easy shoe,  
And a hope to make the day go through.*

Alfred Noyes sings of the highwayman who travelled when the road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor. And Christina Rossetti asks:

*Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.*

She was thinking of the road of life, a thought which John Bunyan shaped into his immortal Pilgrim's Progress.

#### An Endless Procession

Many travellers there have been along the world's roads. We think of Alexander building roads leading on to victory, of Hannibal coming to the great wall of the Alps, and declaring: I will find a road or make one. We think of the pageantry of the road all through the ages, the legions marching to conquer wild tribes, soldiers marching to war, knights and squires, priors and abbots, kings and princes, priests and pilgrims, saints and scoundrels, thieves and jugglers, beggars and clowns. All these, with poor peasants and rich merchants, with fugitives from justice and runners carrying news, and jolly monks well mounted, and old people trudging toward the sunset, have made an endless procession along the roads.

If a man can write a better book, said Emerson, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbour, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

#### PASTURES NEW

Four families in County Donegal have gone to live in the Free State Government's Gaelic colony in County Meath.

It was a sad day when these 36 people, all from the neighbourhood of Gweedore, turned their backs on their old homes and began their journey for pastures new. Their friends gave them a grand send-off, and there was much cheering.

The colonists will receive a new house, 25 acres of good land, and a bounty of 30 shillings a week for a year.

## POOR MICHEL

### The Astonishing Naturalist

He came into the world 210 years ago this week. He was Michel Adanson, a French naturalist and scholar, and he was born on April 7, 1727. Remembered as one of the most notable and original thinkers France has ever had, he was left to die in extreme poverty.

The pursuit of knowledge was everything to Michel. When little more than 20 he set off for Senegal in West Africa, then an almost unknown region, and, in spite of the unhealthiness of the climate and the innumerable dangers, he spent six years studying everything about him.

No hardship or setback could dishearten him. He collected and described an immense number of animals and plants. He gathered specimens of every object of commerce. He made accurate maps and plans. He noted all variations of climate. He prepared grammars and dictionaries of the many languages and dialects spoken; and when at last he went back to France he wrote his remarkable Natural History of Senegal.

#### A Gigantic Encyclopedia

This astonishing man went on to classify all living things, and spent the greater part of his life preparing and elaborating a gigantic encyclopedia of a kind never before planned. With his own hand he wrote 27 huge volumes, and planned the details of 150 more. This great mass of information was put before the Academy of Sciences in 1774, but the idea was not followed up, and Michel's work was never printed. The scholar found himself with only a pittance; but for all that he went on with his idea. Nothing could stop him.

Greater misfortune and distress overtook him in the Revolution. The little pension he had was taken from him, and it is said that he had to refuse an invitation to speak to the Institute of France because he had no shoes to wear.

Toward the end of his life France gave him a small pension, but it was not enough to make life easy for him; and after much suffering he died, a poor old man, a year after Trafalgar.

## BOY EXPLORERS

### The School of Adventure

How many people know that a Public Schools Exploring Society exists to foster boy adventure?

It was founded in 1932 by Surgeon-Commander Murray Levick, who was a member of Scott's famous Antarctic expedition. He began by taking eight boys out to the wilds of Finland, and the numbers have increased yearly, an expedition to Lapland last year numbering 120. The coming summer will see its sixth expedition, to Newfoundland.

The object is to take boys into the primeval wilds, to teach them to fend for themselves, foster the spirit of adventure, widen their outlook, encourage a desire to acquire endurance and physical fitness, learn the rudiments of exploration, and thus form within the nation a nucleus of pioneers.

## MEN OF THE NAVY

### 130,000 Tars?

The Navy Estimates this year raise the number of sailors in the Royal Navy to 112,000 officers and men, an increase of 11,000.

But this increase will not serve to man the much bigger fleet now building or about to be built, and there is also the addition of aeroplanes to take into account. It is probable that the next few years will witness a considerable further annual addition to personnel, raising it to a total of 130,000 or more.

The rapid training of men for such highly specialised work as a modern warship calls for is a matter of some difficulty. Training establishments have to increase as new ships are built.

Do you know the secret signs

OF THE

League of Happy OVALTINEYS?



EVERY boy and girl should join the League of Ovaltineys. All over the country many thousands of members are proudly wearing the handsome bronze badge of the League and having the jolliest times with their secret signs and mysterious code. Ovaltineys learn, too, how to keep always fit, healthy and happy. Post the coupon at once for the official Rule-book and learn how YOU can become a member.

## POST THIS TO-DAY

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,  
184 Queen's Gate,  
London, S.W.7.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule-book of the League.

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

(Write in BLOCK letters)  
Children's Newspaper,  
10.4.37.



## THE GRID BEATS ALL RECORDS

20,000 Million Units in a Year

157 GENERATING STATIONS WORKING AS ONE

With our factories working at full pressure and our electrified railways carrying more goods and passengers than ever, to say nothing of the extension of lighting in Coronation Year, the Grid will have a testing time in 1937, the tenth year of the existence of the Central Electricity Board.

Yet even a rapid glance through its ninth annual Report, just issued, will show that the Grid system is unlikely to fail any demands which are made upon it. This Board makes its plans well in advance and is ever optimistic about its future work.

Success has been its reward ever since Parliament passed the Act bringing it into being in 1926, and the new Report is cheerful reading, both for the expert and the man in the street.

Few among the experts dared to prophesy that the Board would be making over a million pounds profit before ten years had passed, yet last year enough was earned to pay the interest on nearly £26,000,000 of capital. Dividends were not anticipated so soon, but not only has the dividend been paid, but the Grid has so far saved £14,000,000 by reducing the need for reserve generating plant under its various working schemes. Including expenditure on extensions and reinforcements, the cost of the Grid has amounted to £30,000,000, and the result has been an increased output of electricity in this country of 95 per cent compared with a world expansion of under 35 per cent.

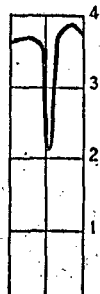
### The Test of Armistice Day

Last year the total production was over 20,000 million units, the highest recorded in the industry, and 2650 million more than in 1935. At the end of 1936 the Grid system had 4125 miles of transmission lines, of which 2898 miles operated at 132,000 volts; and 289 switching and transforming stations capable of transforming 9,474,000 kilovolt-amperes. The generating stations under the Board use over twenty million tons of coal a year.

In connection with the efficiency of the Grid there is a captivating diagram in the Report which shows what happened during the Two-Minutes Silence on Armistice Day last November. Just before Big Ben struck the hour the load dealt with by the Board's Control Centres was about 3,700,000 kilowatts, and the great load fell off by 1,500,000 kilowatts, the enormous fluctuation being picked up again with a rapidity and a smoothness which is amazing.

### Control From One Centre

In November another test was made over six of the areas in England and Wales, when 112 generating stations, at that time supplying over four million kilowatts under the Board and 45 stations under separate control, were operated as one (in parallel, as electricians say). Though this was the biggest number of stations ever operated in that way the control equipment worked perfectly, with no difficulty in synchronising, though the area control rooms are as far apart as Newcastle, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and London. The success is remarkable when we remember that much of the equipment is exposed to weather and has now been in existence for periods up to seven years.



How the Two-Minutes Silence affected the electricity output

## As Unlike As Two Peas

PETER SIMPLE THINKS IT OUT

As like as two peas, people say. They might as well say As like as two thumbs, though no two thumbs of all the millions there are in the world will leave the same thumb-print.

The lines and curves and whorls of any one person's thumb make an impression different from any other. If every pea could be studied with microscopic care it would in the same way be found different from all the rest.

But without calling in the microscope we can find that there are most important differences in peas. There are round peas and wrinkled peas and peas that are indented and have a flattened shape. These all belong to classes more distinct than an Englishman from a Chinaman, or an African from a New Zealand Maori.

### Green and Yellow Overcoats

Then there are green peas and yellow peas and peas with brown lines on their yellow coats, and others born with purple spots on grey coats. The maple pea is far removed from the purple spot. Besides these divisions according to the coat they wear next their skin, peas are divided according to their overcoats, the pods. There are green pods and yellow, and pods that are tough and pods soft and eatable. The English and German call the soft ones sugar pods. The French say they are without parchment.

Finally, peas can be classified according to the way they grow, tall and dwarf and fasciated (which means that the pods are bunched together like a crown of flowers).

Peas grow to as much as eight feet above the ground and have to be supported by sticks; the dwarf peas do not rise to more than two feet. The difference between them is not the same as that between a tall and a dwarf man. In a human dwarf everything is on a smaller scale; but a dwarf pea is not a miniature edition of a tall one. It differs only in the length of the sections between the joints of the stem. In a fasciated pea the joints crowd into one another. The fasciated pea was known in England in the 16th century, when Gerard in his Herbal calls it the tufted pea, and remarks that it is much esteemed and taken for the Scottish pea, which is not very common.

### The Work of Gregor Mendel

The tall and dwarf pea are immensely important; because it was the difference between them which led Gregor Mendel, the Abbot of Bonn, to make his experiments in crossing strains of peas about 70 years ago.

Of all the world's great men Mendel is one of the least known, and in his lifetime obtained the least measure of fame. His account of his researches in the crossing of varieties of peas was for a long time lost, buried in the archives of a small scientific society. It was found again at the close of the 19th century. It cast a new light on the problems of heredity in plants and animals, and gave a new complexion to the science of plant breeding. It is hardly too much to say that half the wheat crop of the world

grows out of the experiments with peas of Gregor Mendel.

He began his work by crossing the tall with the dwarf pea. He found that the first generation of resulting pea plants were all tall, but in the second generation these tall products had three tall offspring to one dwarf. It is not necessary to follow his experiments further, but only to say that from the mating of tall peas and dwarf peas, or of yellow-podded with green-podded peas, or smooth peas with wrinkled peas, he worked out a new family tree for all the peas.

### Unalterable Differences

He showed that these peas which look so much alike contain within themselves unalterable differences. A pea may be smooth, wrinkled, or flattened. On examination it may be shown to have different sizes, shapes, and arrangement of the starch grains within it. But it has far more important differences concealed within than these. They come out in its breeding.

After two or three generations of peas the descendants begin to sort themselves. Some will be green, some wrinkled, or some will have green pods and some yellow. There will always be in any number of succeeding generations some pea which obstinately refuses to change its most important character. Mendel worked out the numbers of any one kind of pea in the generations following one another. This is of immense importance to students of heredity. But the discovery of great importance to a workaday world which asks for its daily bread was that by interbreeding a pea could be produced which would have shed some of the characteristics of its brethren while keeping others, and would continue to do so.

### New Forms To Order

It is because Mendel found, and his followers have proved, that one pea differs from another, as the stars in brightness, that the plant-breeders have been able to extend the world's food supply. Mendel in his cloister found that by shuffling round green peas and wrinkled yellow ones he could get new permanent forms, yellow or round, wrinkled or green, to order. The wheat growers who profited by this great discovery could therefore make plans to graft into one kind of wheat the useful characteristics to be found in wheats from among the world's innumerable varieties.

Consequently, taking their parent wheats from England or Scotland, America, Canada, or India, they could build up the kind of wheat they wanted. They could grow a wheat to resist rust, they could find a wheat of long, strong stalk or fine quality of flour. They created one which ripened early so as to resist the early frosts of the northern winter in Canada. They added millions of acres to the wheat-growing zones of the American Continent; they were able to guarantee that wheat would be healthy and sturdy and resistant to disease.

And all this because Mendel in his garden at Bonn found that no two peas were alike.

## STRANGERS COME TO ENGLAND

CORONATION year is to be marked by a London festival of polo, a magnificent game for horsemen in which the Indian princes excel.

Long ago they acquired the game from Persia, its birthplace, and the sporting English, learning the game when they reached India, spread it all over the world.

It was strange the other day to see 34 beautiful polo ponies, the property of the Nabob of Bhopal, come tripping daintily off a steamer in the London docks, attended, not by English ostlers, but by native grooms, and to note how the animals obeyed commands uttered in a tongue which would be as foreign to our horses as to our horsemen.

The ponies looked as if they had spent their early life in English pastures, but they are so Indian that, in order that they might get used to English food, fodder from here was sent out to India so that they might eat and grow accustomed to it.

These haughty little polo ponies, each worth more than £1000, are the descendants of horses which had thoroughbred English animals as their parents; and now they come back again to the land of their ancestors, strangers, obeying men who use a language strange to us. How Darwin would have delighted in this remarkable little chapter of Evolution.

## CHILDREN WHO NEVER SAW A FARM

A New York Experiment

We have all heard of the London boy who thought a cow was a sort of tank holding milk.

In America, as here, they have many boys and girls who have never seen a farm and who have not the slightest idea how food is grown.

So the Parks Department of the great city of New York is bringing a glimpse of country life to the children of its congested areas. A portable barnyard makes a tour of the city playgrounds, with three-day stops at each. The red wooden barn-on-wheels is towed by a Parks Department truck. At each stop the Department workers set up a real wooden barnyard fence, over which the youngsters stare wide-eyed at a real live cow with its calf, and at pigs, ducks, and turkeys, making jolly noises according to their kind.

It has been so great a success that a flower and plant exhibition is also making a tour, accompanied by lecturers.

Crowding through the trellis-covered trailer, with its tiers of flowers, the slum youngsters see for the first time marigolds, roses, fuchsias, forget-me-nots, petunias, cotton and tobacco plants. There are also beans and sweet corn in various stages of growth. Very popular, too, has been an exhibit of frogs, toads, turtles, harmless snakes, and insects.

## FOR POOR JACKO

A kindly old lady who has just died was very fond of the Zoo, and always took a bag of nuts and raisins for her favourite monkeys.

It is some time since she went on her welcome visits, and her favourites may have forgotten their Lady Bountiful. But she did not forget them, for in her will she left £80 to buy nuts and raisins. It is to be invested, and the interest spent on continuing the gift on Bank Holidays and Boxing Day.

On those four days the monkeys will enjoy a rare feast. For them these will be Mrs Berthe Heer's Feast Days. But what is most kindly in her kindly thought is that she intended the nuts and raisins for the monkeys who had least of them. At the Zoo there are many popular performers among the tribe, the famous tea-party chimpanzees, the athletic monkeys whose performances on the rings or the trapeze would make the fortune of a gymnast in the circus at Olympia, and others.

But beyond these are the monkeys whom nobody knows, having no graces and few attractions. The public passes them by and showers its gifts on their more popular neighbours.

Mrs Heer never did; she sought out the monkeys who are "inclined to be neglected by the public." To them she brought her little gifts, and it is for them her legacy is intended.

### SEEN IN A STREET

In a main Manchester street an errand boy was pushing a truck across the road with two wooden boxes full of filleted plaice when the wheels caught on the tram lines, capsizing one of the boxes and sending the plaice scattering in all directions.

The scene held up traffic for some minutes as the lad struggled to pick up the slippery plaice, and at last a tram guard came to the rescue, but he also found it difficult to get hold of the plaice and gave it up.

The poor lad had to finish picking them up as quickly as he could.

### TO EVERYONE

Stop, look, and listen before you cross the street.

Use your eyes, use your ears, and then use your feet.

And Cross by the Safeway



## TOWN AND COUNTRY FOOD

### Good Side of Canning ONLY THE BEST GOES INTO THE CAN

A reader of the CN has written pointing out that we were not quite fair to the canning industry in a recent comment that "much canned food is as poor as it is dear."

The CN has frequently praised the development of this industry, which has made available the fruit and vegetables of Kent, Cambridge, and other counties as a welcome addition to the table throughout the lean months of the year. Our correspondent points out that for the townsman fruit and vegetables labelled fresh are usually three or four days old when bought, whereas canned foods are sealed in the can within a few hours of picking.

Another advantage of canned foods is that our British canners take only the best from the growers, when nutritive values, vitamin content, and flavour are at their maximum.

The canning process, it is claimed, preserves vitamins and goodness which are lost in ordinary home cooking. Mr T. N. Morris, of the Low Temperature Research Station at Cambridge, declares that actually it is heating in the presence of air which causes destruction of the vitamins, whereas if air be removed, as in the canning process, heat alone has relatively little effect.

The question is, of course, the very old one of country versus town. Our original contributor lives in the country, eating his garden's produce a few hours after picking!

## WINDSOR AND HER GREYS

All who saw the Jubilee procession agreed that for State processions there is nothing to match the beauty and grandeur of coaches drawn by noble-looking horses; and we shall say the same again, undoubtedly, when we witness the splendour of the royal cavalcade as it passes to and from the Abbey for the crowning of the King.

King George, like his father before him, loves a good horse, and nothing he has done has pleased Windsor better than his sending down there a number of horses which had been evicted from their place of honour at the Castle mews.

In good time, when their work for the Coronation is discharged, the famous Windsor greys, which also had been banished from the Castle and confined to the mews at Buckingham Palace, will return to the scene of their former glory, and then Windsor will be itself again. The sight of fine horses there was one of the delights which visitors enjoyed, and the departure of the horses left the ancient home of our kings changed and saddened.

Indeed, King George has brought new life and joy to all the royal homes. The recent reductions in the staffs at Sandringham, Balmoral, and Windsor have been reversed, and old servants are re-established in the positions they enjoyed under George the Fifth.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of April 1912

**The World's Highway To London.** The docks built 25 years ago are useless for monster ships such as we now build. The trade of the London port has increased by more than one-half in that time, but it has been trade with the smaller ships. Now it is proposed to enlarge the docks, spending £14,000,000. Existing docks will be made large enough to take not only the largest ships of today, but the still larger ships which men of the future will build.

## ALL NATURE WAS HIS STUDY

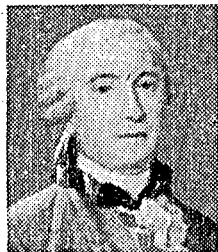
### Georges Louis Leclerc Buffon

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY IF IT IS NEXT WEEK

April 11. George Canning born in London 1770  
12. Antoine Laurent de Jussieu, botanist, born 1748  
13. Hugh Clapperton, Africa explorer, died 1827  
14. Abraham Lincoln shot at Washington 1865  
15. Father Damien died in Hawaii 1889  
16. Buffon died in Paris 1788  
17. Thomas Cromwell made Earl of Essex 1540

THE world will always be grateful to men who make a fine start with a great task that inspires others to carry on the labour to a completion.

Such a man was the naturalist Georges Louis Leclerc Buffon, who in his later years became a French count.



Buffon was a Frenchman of Burgundy, son of a well-to-do member of the lesser nobility. As a student he was a clever mathematician, and when his travels brought him to

England he translated one of Isaac Newton's books into French.

But gradually he became absorbed in natural history, and was appointed keeper of the French king's garden and of the national museum in Paris. Then he set himself the task of writing natural history in its widest form. In fact, all Nature was his study.

The field was too wide for any man to cover, but Buffon did his best in many volumes, written during many years. He employed assistants to collect plain facts, and himself wrote up the wider surveys in a high-sounding, pompous manner.

Often he was wrong, and his great history is now put aside; but it served to direct many minds to a study of Nature, and aroused a love of animals and the outdoor world.

## COMPETITION RESULT

In CN Competition Number 22 the two best paintings, according to age, were sent by Roy Christer, 5 West View, Prudhoe-on-Tyne, and Barbara M. Lambert, Augill, Driver Terrace, Silsden, Yorkshire. A prize of ten shillings has been awarded to each of these readers.

Twelve half-crowns, for the next best, have been awarded as follow:

June Bishop, Kenton; Betty Busby, Birmingham; Lyle Connor, Coleraine; John Cox, Birmingham; Alys Gibbs, Burnley; Betty Gibbs, Blackburn; Joan Gostrey, Moberley; Rosemary Hill, Hayes; Alec Scott, East Grinstead; Geoffrey Smith, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; Stewart Wilson, Ashbourne; Gladys Wise, Highgate Road, N 5.

Would you like to see your name in a list of prizewinners? Watch the CN for interesting competitions. There will be another next week.

## 1 2 3

1,147,969 passengers were carried on U.S.A. air-lines last year.

5,000,000 tons of Russian anthracite will go to Canada this year.

62,168,833 was the tonnage of ships that used the Port of London in 1936.

109,003,434 passengers were carried by British railways in December.

£1,339,202 was spent on last year's BBC programmes.

£4,000,000 was spent by American visitors to Great Britain in 1935.

£10,000,000 worth of orders for new vessels were placed with Clyde ship-builders last month.

£32,000,000 was the value of purchases made by Australia from Great Britain last year.

£1400,000,000 is the estimated value of Russia's gold reserve.

**Taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles**

A tempting jug in the pantry — and in its cool depths — home-made lemonade! And the tasteful tang of that refreshing lemon is just the very taste that Rowntrees bring you in their Gums and Pastilles. Tangerine and lime — they're in the packet, too — raspberry and soothing blackcurrant!

2<sup>D</sup> TUBES  
3<sup>D</sup> PKTS  
6<sup>D</sup> PKTS  
And loose 6d. ¼ lb.

FRUIT CLEAR GUMS are hard  
FRUIT PASTILLES are medium  
And if you like soft confectionery try 'JUICY-FRUIT' in packets or loose 6d. ¼ lb.

## National Airs of the Empire

SOUVENIR

## CORONATION SONG BOOK

The perfect musical souvenir. Contains all the national favourites that British people love to hear; full words and music of 46 grand old traditional English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish airs, with an impressive Ceremonial March, specially composed by A. Morris-Gilbert. These are the songs that bind English-speaking folk together with a common bond.



Here are a few of the Contents:

All Through the Night  
Annie Laurie  
Charlie is My Darling  
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes  
Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls  
Here's a Health Unto His Majesty  
Home, Sweet Home  
Land of My Fathers  
Londonderry Air  
Meeting of the Waters  
The Maple Leaf For Ever

46 FAMOUS MELODIES  
EVERYONE WILL SING

**FULL WORDS AND MUSIC OF ALL SONGS**



# FOR HIS PEOPLE

Short Story by  
William MacMillan

It was early summer on the Gaspé, and the rivers spilling into the mighty gulf fairly boiled with silver salmon moving inland. In the translucent waters of a deep pool, their bronze torsos and copper-tipped fish spears glinting in the yellow moonlight, two Huron Indians, an old, old man and a boy, took heavy toll of the swimming host.

It was clear that the youth, Sonatonka, loathed his prosy task. His handsome face twisted in a scowl and every line of his muscular young body expressed rebellion.

Kakaluk, on the other hand, his great shoulders sagging under the weight of years, moved with the slow deliberation of the aged. The cold flood swirling about his thin legs made him shiver. And every now and then, as overcautiousness cost him a prize, he would straighten his back and shoot an apprehensive glance in his grandson's direction.

Presently the moon slipped behind a cloud bank, darkness enveloped the woods, and the fishing was over for the night. There remained for the Indians now only a short rest till daylight, then the long journey over the hills to the village. Making a last lunge at a shadowy salmon, Sonatonka hurled it to the bank with a deft flip of his spear and followed his grandfather ashore.

"A fine thing," he snorted, kicking irritably at the mass of silvery fish gleaming in the darkness, "for a Huron warrior to come to."

Being well aware of the hot rebellion surging in his grandson's breast, Kakaluk wisely refrained from comment. Silently hanging him a stout willow withe, he gathered an armful or two of dry branches and had an inviting fire crackling by the time Sonatonka had strung the last fish on the withe and suspended the catch from a near-by tree.

Having to accompany the old man on this nocturnal fishing expedition had evidently been a culminating indignity. Flinging himself flat before the fire, the lad cupped his chin in his hard young hands and gave himself up to a morbid review of his misfortunes.

Assuming indifference to his companion's gloomy reflections, Kakaluk crossed his legs before the fire and, drawing his fish spear toward him, proceeded to wind a fresh binding of babiche about the shaft.

Suddenly raising his head, Sonatonka directed a withering look at the suspended fish. "Huh!" he exploded feelingly. "Women's work."

His slim brown fingers pausing in their deft twisting of the rawhide, Kakaluk looked at his grandson over the copper points of his spear. "Peace flows over the land, lad, and even a chief may spear fish for his people."

Muttering rebelliously, the boy dug his bare toes into the cooling sand and glared into the fire, as if he would have liked nothing better than to blame the crackling flames for his troubles.

Wedging the spear shaft between his bony knees, Kakaluk resumed his task.

"There was a time, though," he observed, "when the rivers of the Gaspé ran with blood and death stalked the trails."

A smothered ejaculation trembling on his lips, Sonatonka swept his grandfather with a scornful look. "And the Hurons, our people, did they cower in their lodges?"

Kakaluk smiled. "The woods resounded with their war cries and the smoke of their camp fires darkened the heavens."

In the silence that settled down over the Gaspé wilderness the old Indian seemed to expand, to straighten and take on the haughty carriage of a hunter in the full flush of his manhood. Fire smouldered in his old eyes and the blue-veined hands closed about the well-worn spear shaft with an iron grip.

Presently he spoke again, slowly at first, then with mounting fervour as crowding memories whisked him back to those stirring days of long ago.

"Though the legends of our people reek with deeds of bravery, of courage in the face of the enemy, it isn't always the battle-scarred warriors who are remembered the longest. There was a boy once, a lad named Toonik, who saved the lives of his people without either bending a bow or hurling a tomahawk."

Sonatonka threw his relative a penetrating look. "A kinsman, this Toonik?"

Kakaluk nodded. "A brother."

Rolling over on his back, Sonatonka settled his shoulder-blades and hips comfortably into the sand and stared up at the star-dusted heavens. "Was he young?" he whispered, "when he did this brave thing?"

Kakaluk sighed and a shadow clouded his expressive face. "About your age, lad, just knocking at the door of manhood, and with a long life stretching out before him."

A salmon leaped in the pool just then, falling back into the water with a tremendous splash. From deep in the woods came the eerie hoot of a hunting owl and the shrill scream of a terrified rabbit.

"Like you," Kakaluk resumed softly, "Toonik hated the little things that bound him to his father's lodge. Having to fish and hunt for others was bad enough, but grinding corn and pounding maize was many times worse."

Kakaluk's words and the magic of the warm summer's night weaved strange shadows before Sonatonka's eyes, filling the star-speckled sky with pictures of a boy pounding grain while full-fledged bucks, some of them scarcely older than he, drifted over the trails, adding to their treasures of smoked scalps.

Kakaluk's voice droned on, and Sonatonka, his imagination aflame, thought that he could hear behind him, beating against his eardrums, the screeching war-whoops of those stout-hearted hunters who had made the name of the Huron feared and respected the length and breadth of the land. No fishing or pounding of grain for them—a swift life and a glorious death.

"The Hurons were a mighty people then, as numerous as the leaves on the trees. And their hunting-grounds extended from the Saguenay to the sea. It was good to be alive. Enemies ringed them about and death stalked the trails. Burning with hate of the Iroquois, our warriors made nightly raids on their villages, driving off what few cattle they had and setting fire to their lodges."

"And so," chuckled Sonatonka, raising himself on an elbow and grinning triumphantly at his grandfather in the firelight, "Toonik didn't have to fish."

The shadow of a smile drifted across the old man's face.

"Worse than that. When the bucks, painted for war, melted into the woods, he was sent into faraway ravines with the cattle."

Sonatonka's face was full of sympathy.

"I would rather have to spear all the salmon in the Gaspé," he breathed fervently, "than do that."

His hands motionless now, the old man stared fixedly into the fire, beholding there, doubtless, a cloud of soft-footed warriors darting over the trails of long ago.

FEARFUL lest his interruption had broken the thread of his relative's thoughts, Sonatonka reached out for a stout bit of wood and tossed it into the fire.

"He hated tending cattle, then?"

Making a sound in his throat that might have meant anything, Kakaluk went on with his story.

"I remember it as clearly as if it had only happened yesterday. Two bucks, risking their lives for a couple of Iroquois scalps, had been captured by the very men they had hoped to surprise, and our scouts reported having seen them bound to the torture stakes with their feet in faggots."

Sonatonka shivered at the picture conjured in his mind of the two warriors bound to the stake, too proud to struggle and facing certain death with unflinching eyes.

"Eager to either rescue or avenge them, we set out that night to raid the Iroquois village."

"Surely," interrupted Sonatonka, "Toonik accompanied them this time?"

The old man shook his head. "Toonik had to look after the cattle, as usual. When the last eager buck, followed by the admiring eyes of the maidens, had slipped into the woods like a shadow, Toonik shouted to his charges, driving them eastward, beyond the wall of thundering waters, where deep valleys hid them from the sight of prying eyes."

"They had the cunning of the weasel, these Iroquois. Figuring that we should surely attempt to rescue the prisoners, they set a trap for us. While a small number of them, boys mostly, ambushed us outside their village, the main body jumped into their canoes and hurried down the river with the intention of swooping down on our lodges while we were away."

Something moved in the woods just then, faint footfalls that sounded, to the deeply absorbed boy at any rate, like the hurrying scuffle of moccasined feet pounding over the trails.

"Running the canoes ashore, the Iroquois finally took to the woods, intending to circle our village and swoop down on it

from every direction at once. Better for them had they kept to the river. Hopelessly lost in a country of swamps and quicksands, they fought off the flies and ploughed through the mud till they spied Toonik tending his cattle in a deep ravine."

His voice trembling slightly, the old man straightened his bent shoulders and continued, every word and sentence vibrating with suppressed emotion.

"If the cowardly Iroquois thought for a moment that the capture of the Huron boy was but the matter of a few moments they were quickly disillusioned. Unwilling to desert the cattle confided to his care, Toonik darted about the ravine like a frightened rabbit, climbing the steep slopes by trails known only to himself, and even riding past, shouting defiance, on the backs of the stampeding cattle."

"Poor Toonik! It might have been better had an Iroquois tomahawk found its way into his skull that day, for the Spirits had already marked him for death. His defiance infuriated the Iroquois. And when they finally caught him, biting and clawing like a wild cat, they bound him to a stake, piled branches about his feet, and offered him life and liberty if he would guide them to the lodges of his people."

Sonatonka sucked the breath noisily through his teeth and gave his grandfather a startled look.

"He did this horrible thing?"

Kakaluk threw out his hands in a non-committal gesture. "There are those who claim that he refused—at first."

Suddenly conscious of his clenched fists and his teeth biting into his lip, Sonatonka tried to relax, to accept this tale of his grandfather's for what it was, a legend handed down from the past.

"So he was a coward, this Toonik," he muttered, "not worthy of the name Huron?"

The old man arched his eyebrows. "Listen closely to the tale, lad," he rumbled, "then judge him if you can."

"Assuring the Iroquois that his people lived a long way off, beyond many turns of the river and far below the swift water, he induced them to enter their canoes and follow him down the river."

"Throughout that day they paddled steadily, raising frightened waterfowl in the shallow bays and sending the deer crashing into the heart of the woods. The Iroquois were suspicious of their young guide, however, and they turned inshore every now and then to build a fire and put hot stones at his feet, just as a reminder, probably, of what would happen to him if he dared to deceive them."

Sonatonka growled under his breath. "A coward," he hissed, "not worthy of the name Huron."

"He must have had a way with him, this Toonik, because each time he convinced the Iroquois that the lodges of his people lay just beyond the next few turns. But he couldn't keep the deception up for ever. And when the village failed to appear they drove ashore and tortured him."

The old man rose unsteadily to his feet and bent over the fire. "Sonatonka knows the caribou," he observed, resuming his seat, "where the water tumbles over the great rock to disappear into the bowels of the earth?"

Sonatonka shivered and looked across at his grandfather with awestruck eyes. "A place of evil that," he declared, "of danger and death."

"Suddenly hearing the thunder of falling waters the Iroquois chieftain turned on Toonik with an angry question."

"It's nothing," Toonik assured him. "Just water from another river falling over a cliff."

"Toonik kept his promise that day. Soon the lodge poles of our village appeared through the trees, and Huron maidens stared at them through the woods with frightened faces."

"By this time the canoes were going too fast to be stopped, and the Iroquois realised for the first time that something was wrong. Some stood up and whooped. Others jumped into the water, overturning the canoes as they did so. The next instant the whole lot of them, Toonik standing proudly in the bow of the foremost canoe, his face turned to the lodges of his people, slipped over the edge of the falls and disappeared."

In the silence that followed, during which the very forest seemed to hold its breath, Sonatonka stared reflectively into the heart of the crackling fire while echoes of the old man's words rang in his ears.

"Truly a mighty deed," he breathed softly, "for a cattle boy."

Kakaluk nodded. "And who knows but that some day Sonatonka too will be given the opportunity of performing an equally mighty deed for his people."

## JACKO GOES FOR THE DOCTOR

THE Jacko Family were having grilled herrings for dinner. And very good they were.

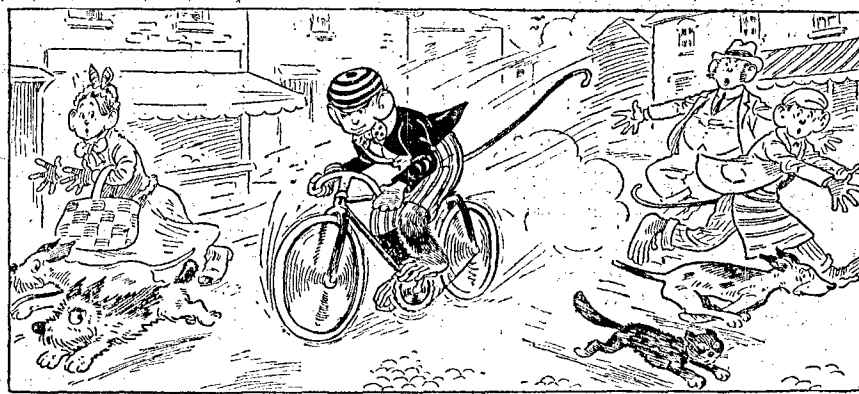
Father Jacko was making a hearty meal—and enjoying it.

"Good food, herrings," he declared. "Nourishing, tasty, and cheap. To my mind," he added, "better than the finest salmon that ever came out of the—"

The High Street was crowded with shoppers. The commotion Jacko made sent them all flying.

At the bottom of the street Jacko sprang off his bicycle and dashed towards a shining brass plate on a big green door. His knocks brought the maid running to the door.

"The doctor!" gasped Jacko. "He's



Jacko sent them all flying

And then he stopped. His face turned a dull red, and he began to choke.

Mother Jacko jumped up and thumped him on the back, while Adolphus, with a superior smile, pushed a glass of water across the table.

But poor father continued to choke, and his wife, in an agony of fright, cried, "Run, Jacko. Run for the doctor! Quick!"

There was a doctor just across the road, but Jacko had no great opinion of him. Silly old buffer, he thought; better get that new chap.

His bicycle was standing in the garden. Jacko jumped on, and set off like a young express for the High Street.

out," said the girl. "Great Scott!" cried Jacko. "Where?" "He's gone to see Miss Ape."

Jacko's jaw dropped.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed. "Here I've come all this way and he's been next door all the time."

Back he dashed, peddling like mad, till he reached Miss Ape's house.

As he ran up the garden path he caught sight of his little brother on the other side of the fence.

"Daddy's all right now," Baby called out. "Nasty bone's gone." And to Jacko's amazement he added proudly,

"I put my finger down his throat and pulled it out!"



# Baked Jam Roll!

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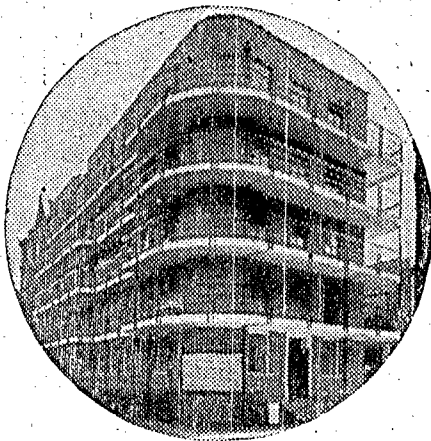
#### RECIPE

½ lb. Flour. ¼ lb. Shredded 'Atora.'  
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.  
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour,  
then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet  
should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted).  
Add enough water to make a stiff paste; roll out thin,  
and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over  
(sealing up ends by turning them in); damp  
edges and pinch together. Bake for about  
¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.  
Sufficient for 6 persons.



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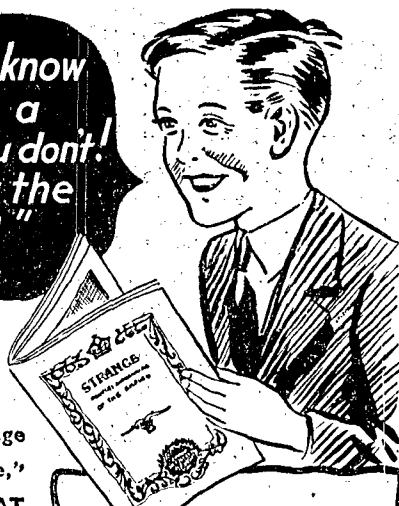
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 10, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Arithmetical Problem

A RICH uncle said to his four nephews, to whose house he was on a visit, "Here is a sovereign to divide among you. William is the eldest, so he will have a shilling more than Thomas; Thomas will have a shilling more than James; and James will have a shilling more than Charles, who is the youngest." How much did each boy receive?

Answer next week

### A Quaker Answered

AMINADAB, with phiz demure, Knocked at Mr Owen's door; With widened mouth and lengthened chin, He asked, "Is friend O N within?" Now, John, who dearly loved a joke, In tone like that the Quaker spoke, With bow most reverently low, As drawlingly replied N O.

### This Week in Nature

THE dotterel returns for its summer stay in the moorlands. This bird's colouring is mostly a plain brown with a white band across the breast. In the British Isles it breeds only in a few places in the Lake District and the mountains of Scotland, laying its three eggs of a pale drab colour, with yellow or greenish tinge and dark markings at one end, in a mere depression in mossy turf.

### Let on Parle Français



Une éponge La chèvre Les pantoufles  
sponge goat slippers

On dit qu'une chèvre mange n'importe quoi. Celle-ci a avalé l'éponge de bain et les pantoufles de papa.

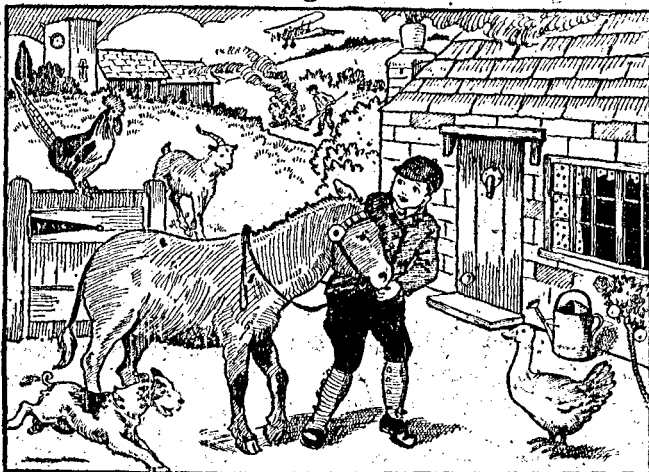
They say a goat will eat anything. This one has swallowed the bath-sponge and Daddy's slippers.

### Improving the Flavour of Tea

THE correct way to make tea is the most economical method. Usually the tea-leaves are taken straight from the caddy to the teapot and boiling water is poured on them.

But the correct way is to warm the leaves by spreading them on a sheet of white paper and then placing them

## What is Wrong in This Picture?



In drawing this picture the artist has made several errors. Can you find them all?

Answer next week

### Outlook Uncertain

A TENANT complained to his landlord of a leaky roof. "Every time it rains we get drenched," he said. "How long is this going to continue?"

"I am afraid I'm no weather prophet," remarked the landlord.

### Charade

SERENELY fair and softly bright,  
My first illumines the dewy night;  
My second is a homely thing  
Which much contentment oft doth bring  
When you or I or homely men  
Use knife and fork, or else a pen.  
Now view my whole with seaman's sight,  
And, lo! I'm turning to the right.

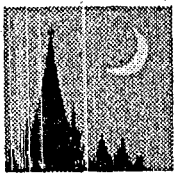
Answer next week

**How the Chameleon Got Its Name**  
CHAMELEON comes from two Greek words, chamai, meaning on the ground, and leon, a lion, so that this harmless little lizard has the peculiarly unsuitable and foolish name of "the lion that goes on the ground."

The chameleon, famous for its colour-changing habit to suit its surroundings, is usually to be found on trees.

### Other Worlds Next-Week

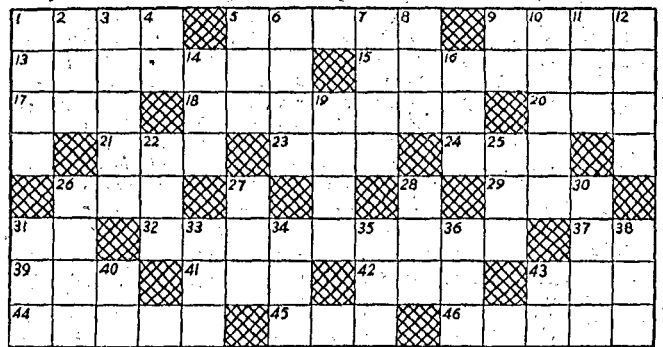
IN the evening Venus and Mercury are low in the West and Mars is in the South-East towards midnight. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-East and Saturn is low in the East. The picture shows the Moon at half-past eight on Tuesday evening, April 13.



## The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

**Reading Across.** 1. Small stinging fly. 5. Volume of maps. 9. A settee. 13. One of the Ten Plagues of Egypt. 15. Used with a brush when cleaning the floor. 17. Bustle. 18. A rustic. 20. Wrath. 21. A line of light. 23. A sheep. 24. Yonder. 26. Conjunction. 29. A snare. 31. For instance. 32. A light metal alloy. 37. Outside. 39. Knight's title. 41. Uncooked. 42. Earth's luminary. 43. Dread. 44. A kind of glossy silk cloth. 45. The sheltered side. 46. Australia's Teddy Bear.



**Reading Down.** 1. Happy. 2. To incline the head. 3. Fruit of the oak. 4. Trade Union. 5. Devoured. 6. Former ruler of Russia. 7. The first man. 8. Same as 42 across. 9. Saint. 10. To suppose. 11. Distant. 12. Over again. 14. To examine secretly. 16. A pig's pen. 19. To navigate. 22. To put together. 25. To possess. 28. A great continent. 27. Period of time. 28. Large bird of Australia. 30. A concave vessel. 31. Donkey. 33. A kind of vase. 34. Tool used by shoemakers. 35. Employ. 36. Used for writing and printing. 38. The ocean. 40. Right. 43. Automobile Association.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Birthday Candles

DAVID watched his mother stick eight candles firmly into his birthday cake. "There!" she said. "I don't think it looks as pretty as if you had had little baby ones, but if it's what you want that's all that matters."

"Yes, it is," David answered. "The little ones burn out so quickly. I want all the birthday tea with no light but the candles, like a midnight feast!"

So that was how it was arranged; and all would have gone well if something hadn't happened. The birthday party tea had just begun, with no light but the eight candles, when the maid ran into the dining-room saying all the electric lights in the house had gone out. There was a burst of cheers from the children, and David was just shouting, "You see, if I hadn't chosen big candles..." when there came a loud knocking on the front door and Mother fumbled her way along the hall and opened it. A moment later she came back and held up her hand for silence.

"Listen!" she said. "There is a little girl down the road who is ill. When the electric light failed she was so frightened that she began to cry, which is very bad for her. Her daddy, seeing the light in our window, has come across to ask if we can lend them some candles."

David jumped up immediately. "We'll lend her the cake and candles just as it is," he said.

A moment or two later an eager father was hurrying down the road, carefully carrying the cake. They had blown out the candles, but soon the watching children saw the curtains of a bedroom window light up bit by bit, till there was a warm, flickering glow behind them.

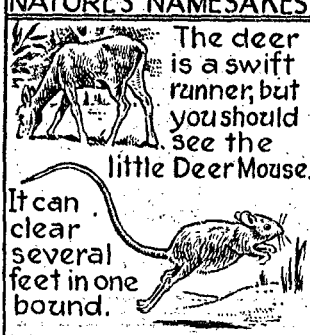
"Now she'll be all right," said David happily, "and we can go back and play we're robbers in a cave," he added.

"I only hope the light will go on before the candles are burnt," his mother answered.

But she need not have worried, for soon after a sudden blaze lit up the room, and almost at once the bell rang again and the father of the little sick girl appeared. He smiled at David.

"That was very good of you," he said, putting down the cake gently on the table. "It has done Annette heaps of good. She loved watching the candles and hearing about David's birthday party. I hope he will come to see her soon. I don't know what we should have done without his help."

## NATURE'S NAMESAKES



### Triplets

To make sense in the following fill up the spaces in each sentence with words that sound the same but are spelled differently. The dots represent the number of letters.

1. A man with a ... was entertaining the ... of people waiting to go to ...
2. A woman in ... was walking under the ... when she saw a friend sitting near a ... bush.
3. That ... is having a race to see who can ... the ... first.
4. As Harry ... down the ... to Richmond, his brother ... there in a boat.

Answer next week

**Those Who Come & Those Who Go**  
HERE are the figures for births and deaths in 10 towns for the four weeks up to March 20, compared with corresponding weeks in 1936.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1937	BIRTHS 1936	DEATHS 1937	DEATHS 1936
London	5015	5013	4360	5246
Manchester	1006	991	872	991
Belfast	698	710	571	633
Edinburgh	545	559	547	661
Brighton	172	166	179	217
Newport	125	113	97	114
Gloucester	83	86	68	72
York	72	95	104	115
Lincoln	67	74	89	83
Bath	62	60	90	90

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**Rebus.** Dis-may (Dis is another name for Pluto, god of the lower regions).

**Jumbled Dogs.** Spaniel, Great Dane, Red Setter, Sealyham, Pekinese, Poodle.

**Arithmetical Problem.** Ten were going at ninepence a head, which would be 7s 6d; instead, twelve went at eightpence, making 8s.

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